

COLONIAL  
AMHERST



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# COLONIAL AMHERST

## THE EARLY HISTORY CUSTOMS AND HOMES

GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY OF AMHERST, LIFE AND  
CHARACTER OF GENERAL AND LORD JEFFERY  
AMHERST, REMINISCENCES OF "CRICKET COR-  
NER" AND "POND PARISH" DISTRICTS  
BY PROF. WARREN UPHAM, AR-  
CHÆOLOGIST OF THE MIN-  
NESOTA HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

COMPILED BY EMMA P. BOYLSTON LOCKE



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Lord Amherst.





## PREFACE

Genuine affection for a community is both productive of and fostered by an interest in its history. Knowledge of the events of past years, of the older buildings and landmarks, and of the sturdy men and women who have lived, had their influence, and then passed on, cannot fail to make its impress on the mind of the student. Though he may be all unconscious of it, this knowledge must inevitably engender in him an increased interest, love and respect for the town which is the result of these events and influences of the past.

No town is richer in history than Amherst; no community of proportionate size has produced more men and women of sterling character who have been of genuine worth to state and nation.

The history of Amherst has been well and fully written, and in compiling this volume no attempt has been made to add materially to the facts and data already included in previous works.

The writer of a "town history" is obliged, by the very nature of his work, to treat the events and people of the past in a purely impersonal manner. And so these characters and happenings, when viewed in the perspective of the years and through the pages of the printed history, tend to lose their realness, their vitality, and become, instead, mere historical personages and episodes.

In preparing this little volume the writer has been entirely untrammelled by any thought of producing *all* the history of Amherst or of presenting it in the usual historical manner. Instead it has been her sole purpose to set forth such incidents and stories in Amherst history as have appealed to her as most interesting; also trying to show the characters as actual, living, human beings and the events as real, genuine occurrences. To help her visualize her descriptions she has made use, whenever possible, of pictures.

In compiling this book free use has been made of numerous sources of information. Among those to which credit should be given are Belknap's History of New Hampshire, E. D. Boylston's (unpublished) History of Amherst, John Farmer's History and Memoirs, Sketch of a Busy Life by E. D. Boylston, Secomb's History of Amherst, Proceedings of the 150th Anniversary of Amherst, Customs and Fashions of Old New England by Alice M. Earle, Dr. J. G. Davis' Historical Address of 1874, the files of the Farmers' Cabinet, and numerous historical pa-

pers by different authors. Thanks are also due to the "Cabinet" for the use of several old cuts and pictures, to Philip S. Avery for drawings of buildings of which there were no existing views and to Louis Fabian Bachrach for reproducing photographs from old daguerreotypes, and to Amherst College for a photograph of Lord Jeffery Amherst.

Many of the older and former residents of Amherst have rendered valuable assistance, both in supplying information and by the loan of family pictures and heirlooms for the illustrations. The three chapters on "Geography and Geology of Amherst," "Life and Character of General and Lord Jeffery Amherst" and Reminiscences of the "Cricket Corner" and "Pond Parish" Districts, are by Prof. Warren Upham, archiologist, of the Minnesota Historical Society and a native of Amherst who has never lost his interest in the town.

That this book may bring to its readers, and especially to the younger generations in Amherst, some of the love for the town and interest in its history which has been embodied in its writing is the sincere wish of

EMMA BOYLSTON LOCKE.

Amherst, N. H., 1916.



Paul Revere.

## Colonial Amherst

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It is not easy to realize that two hundred years ago these pleasant fields and hillsides were but one dense forest, through which roamed a race of men entirely distinct from our own. But so it was.

Of the red men who ranged these forests but little can be said. The first settlers had rather to contend with, than to study them; to shun rather than to court their knowledge or acquaintance.

The tribe of the Pennacooks occupied the lands along the Merrimack river, Pennacook (Concord) and Amoskeag being their chief places of resort.

Below these were the Nattacooks in the vicinity of the mouths of the Nashua and Souhegan rivers, and these were confederated with the Pennacooks, and all with the Pawtuckets, under the great Sachem, Passaconaway.

These had planting grounds and fishing stations all along the Merrimack and its tributaries named, and also at Nattacook brook, just above Thorntons. Relics of these Indians have often been found along the banks of these various streams as also at the head of Babboosuck and upon the highland at the west of the town.

There are traditions extant of engagements between the Indians and the early settlers here. That the red-men gave the early settlers much trouble and alarm is evident from the fact that several garrison or block houses were provided, into which the settlers gathered at night for safety.

These have all passed away, altho' the location of some is still known. It is also reasonably certain that the first settlers carried their firearms with them at all times, lest they should be surprised while unprotected.

In 1686 these tribes disposed of all their lands lying in Dunstable (which then extended north to the Souhegan) to Jonathan Tyng and others, for what they considered a fair and just remuneration, and nearly all removed from the neighborhood.

As we recall the oft-repeated story of injustice done to the red-men, it is a fact of much interest, that the territory we occupy as a town was mostly, if not wholly, honorably purchased.

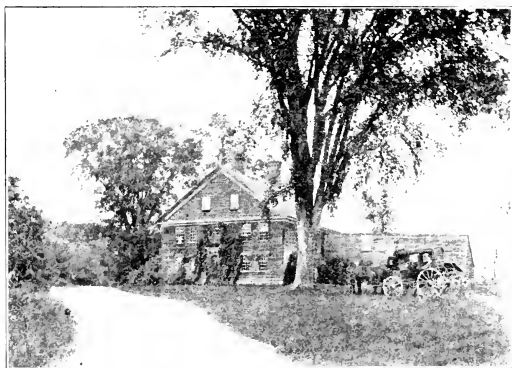
It is also pleasant to recall that possibly Elliott, the great Apostle to the Indians, may have stood on the banks of our river,

and upon the shore of our own beautiful lake, and dispensed the word of life to a people now utterly extinct.\* The tract of land called Narragansett No. 3, afterwards Sonhegan West, included Milford, Mont Vernon, Munson, and what is now called Amherst.

This land was given to officers and soldiers (or their legal heirs) who had fought in King Philip's War. There were about 600 who survived, and to 120\*\* was granted this land.

Only one, †Joseph Prince of Salem became an actual settler here.

The first meeting together of these 120 men was held in Salem, Mass., July 17th, 1734. At this meeting a man was chosen to examine and make a correct survey of the land included in this grant.



Site of First Log House in Amherst.

Walton and Lamson†† were the names of the first settlers, and they built the first log house, on the old Melendy farm, a mile south of the village, on the road to Ponemah.

Three lots of land were designated, one for the first settled minister, one for the church, and one for the school.

As the new settlement was a long distance from the sea, it was hard to induce men to make their homes here.

The first settlers had a hard time, they located upon places where a good supply of water could be found, they built shelters of logs or stones. True to the characteristics of the early New

\*Romance of New England Churches in Public Library.

\*\*Names and Places page 30 Secomb's History.

†909 Secomb's History.

††Page 894 Secomb's History.

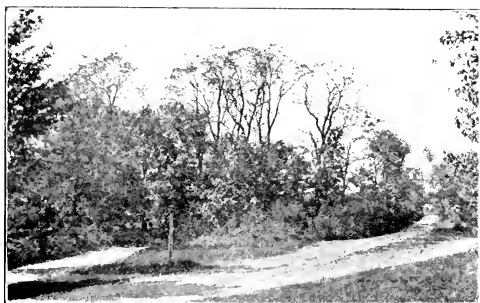
Englishers, we find them, very soon, making plans for a meeting house and parsonage, and a year later these were provided for, a school house was not then built.

Still the work of improving the land went on, brush from the clearing was burned in high piles and potash made from the ashes; rye and corn proved successful crops, growing abundantly among the stumps of the clearing. A saw mill was built, but they gave no encouragement for a blacksmith to settle, but one did come however, and perhaps it was he who wrote the following about the township:

"A howling wilderness it was, where no man dwelt, the hideous yell of wolves, the shriek of owls, the gobbling of turkeys, and the barking of foxes, was all the music we heard."

Grants were given to Richard Mower upon condition that he would build a house where he could take care of travellers, and that he would provide a ferry across the \*Southegan river.

The first bridge over the river was built in the following year, 1736.



**Site of the First Meeting House.**

( INSCRIPTION ON MARKER.)

Here was erected the first meeting-house in Amherst, May 16, 1739; in 1771 given to the county for its court-house; removed to the plain in 1789, and there burned. A stone marker was placed June 17, 1910.

At a meeting of the grantees Jan. 8th, 1735, it was voted that "the first sixty proprietors that shall and do, each of them, build and finish a dwelling house of 18 feet square, and 7 foot stud, and clear 2 acres of land fit for mowing or plowing, and actually live on the spot, and perform the same within three years from ye date hereof, they and each of them shall be entitled to and draw out ye said Proprietors' Treasury the sum of six pounds."

\*Southegan means crooked in the Indian tongue. It's most ancient name was Souhegenack.

The proprietors were becoming a little impatient in regard to the meeting house—for at their first meeting at Chelmsford they voted that the committee to be chosen must get the meeting house boarded and floors laid, the body seats made up, and pulpit made, and doors made and hung as soon as can be.

In Upper Flanders a stone at the cross roads marks the place where the first church stood; the building was a frame one, one tier of windows, clapboarded and painted and "in 1744 if there was not an Indian war the next fall, would be lathed and plastered." It had neither porch nor steeple.

The church was regularly organized Oct. 22, 1741 when Daniel Wilkins, Samuel Lemon, Israel Towne, Samuel Lampson and Humphrey Hobbbs subscribed to the covenant, six women were admitted to the church membership immediately after the ordination. Deborah Lancey was the first to be baptised in September, 1742.



Hildreth's Tavern (Jones Place).

The minister, Rev. Daniel Wilkins, lived near by. He sent a petition about this time to the Governor that the settlers wanted to enlarge their lands, that a good deal of money had been spent building nice houses, barns and fences. But for Mr. Wilkins the settlement would have been abandoned. It was a trying time for the settlers, and a guard was provided. Powder and bullets were given them with which to defend themselves from the Indians.

The danger with the Indians continued for several years; another petition was sent to the Governor, (Wentworth) and

fifteen men were sent to stay several months, and it was at this time that the descendants of Mr. Ellenwood relate a story of his wife having seen Indians hiding about their house. She kept watch while the family were at their breakfast. This house stood where Miss Eliza Stearns lives now, and was either a garrison or a block house.

Another garrison house was west of the old Jones house, in "Upper Flanders," on the side of the hill, where the settlers from the North parish used to stop on their way to the mill below. From the door of this house the elder Jones once shot an Indian. The Jones house was an Inn. In the broad fields in front many drills have been held.

The Henchman house, which stood near where Mr. R. H. Prince's house now stands, was doubtless one. Another is known to have been upon the hillside, southeast of the farm of F. W. Holbrook. Another, at the place now occupied by Mr. Going, then one on the Melendy farm, and one on the Patch place, north-



Boston Road Looking South.

west of the village. The pile of stones was a play ground for the boys more than a hundred years ago, and named "The Castle." The early houses were built substantially of rough material, seldom more than a story high facing the South or North with ends to the East and West and were called "sun line" houses.

Joseph Prince laid out the road from his own home to the first meeting house by following the sound of the hammers of the men at work on the first church.

For some time he did not want to go to the block house at night, but he sprinkled ashes around his house, and found in the morning prints of Indian moccasins, so after that, he was more careful, and one Indian arrow whizzed by him, which he found later sticking in a tree.

This is the same Joseph who held his commission of Lieut. under King George, and received from him the grant of land on which he settled.

Souhegan West passed from the authority of Massachusetts to New Hampshire. The men wanted to form a township and act together for the good of all, but the Governor would not yet grant this, and did not until twenty years later, in 1760, when a \*charter was granted, in the name of King George the Second, for the town of Amherst. The Township received its name from Lord Amherst, Commander of the British forces in the conquest of Canada.

"Oh, Lord Jeffrey Amherst was a soldier of the King,  
And he came from across the sea;  
To the Frenchmen and the Indians he didn't do a thing,  
In the wilds of this wild country.  
And for his royal majesty he fought with all his might  
For he was a soldier brave and true,  
And he conquered all the enemies that came within his sight,  
And he looked around for more when he was through.

Chorus:

Oh, Amherst, brave Amherst, 'twas a name known to fame in days  
of yore,  
May it ever be glorious 'till the sun shall climb the heav'ns no  
more." †

Amherst furnished several brave soldiers for the French and Indian War (1754) as well as men to the famous company of Rangers, so useful in scouring the woods, procuring intelligence, and skirmishing with detached parties of the enemy.

The close of the French and Indian war was welcomed with joyous hearts although the enemy did not come nearer to Amherst than Peterboro' and Hillsboro'.

Amherst had been a thrifty settlement thirty-five years before it was incorporated. The first town meeting was called by Col. John Goffe, named in the charter for that purpose.

Col. Goffe's mother was saved, by hiding in a **hogshead**, in the cellar with her sister, when Indians attacked their house and killed father, mother, and older sister.

One of Col. Goffe's orders to his men of the New Hampshire Regiment, which went to Crown Point in 1760, was, they must change their shirts twice a week. Those who have hair must keep it tied, night caps must not be worn in the day time. Hats are to be all cocked or cut uniformly as Col. Goffe pleases to direct.

In April, 1760, a town meeting was held "to see if the town would make choice of Rev. Daniel Wilkins, Pastor of the Church of Christ in Amherst, aforesaid for their minister. To see about salary, etc."

\*Page 19, Secomb History

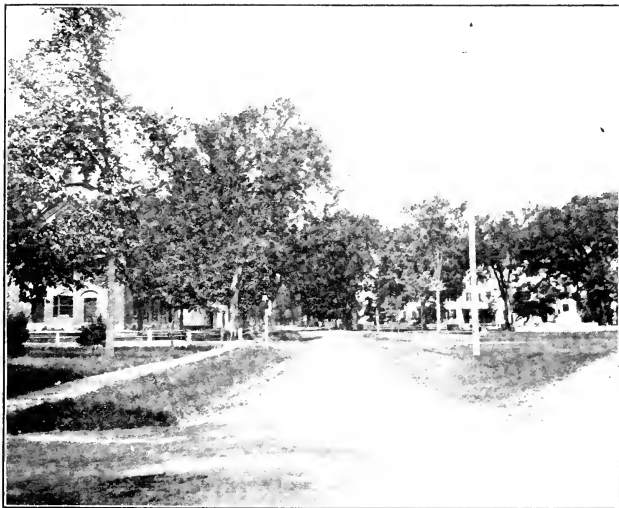
†Taken from Song of Class of 1881 Amherst College



This meeting was warned by the constable going from house to house.

Rev. Wilkins was chosen "Town Minister," salary forty-seven pounds, ten shillings, (\$211.00) and one half of the sum during his natural life, according as the price of corn and pork, shall rise and fall yearly.

Daniel Wilkins was a student from Middletown, Conn., and was much liked by the people of the town. He had a good education and could chop down a tree as neatly as he could write a good sermon. He lived near his church in an unpainted, high

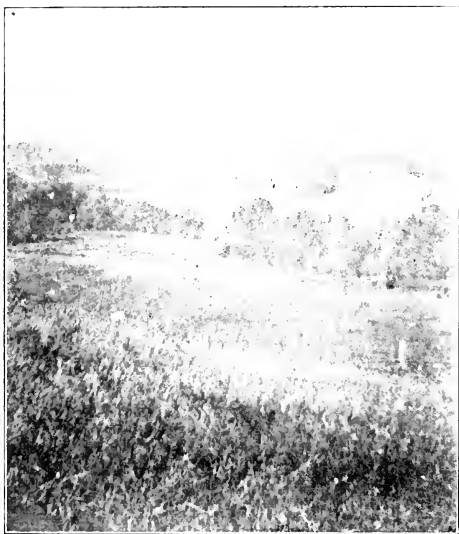


**The School House and Monument.**

and narrow house. His family consisted of his wife and ten children, one of the sons kept the first store in the south-west corner of his father's house. The wife of Col. Levi Jones was the great grand-daughter of Rev. Wilkins.

The first meeting, under the charter, was held at the meeting house, Feb. 20th, 1760, at ten o'clock, as mentioned in the charter. The inhabitants universally met, and with one contrary vote made choice of Solomon Hutchinson for Town Clerk. Col. John Goffe, Moderator, and a vote passed accepting the Charter.

The following officers were elected: Solomon Hutchinson, Wm. Bradford, Reuben Mussey, Joseph Gould and Thomas Clark, Selectmen; Ebenezer Weston and Joshua Abbott, Constables; David Hartshorn, Nathan Kendall, \*Tything men; Benj. Taylor, Wm. Lancy, Assessors; the Selectmen as fence viewers; Thomas Wakefield, clerk of the market; Nathan Fuller, Ebenezer Weston Jr., James Seetown, James Rolins, Howards or Field drivers; Joseph Steel, Joseph Prince, Wm. Lancy, deerkeepers; James Seetown, Ephraim Abbott, Samuel Stuart, Wm. Lancy.

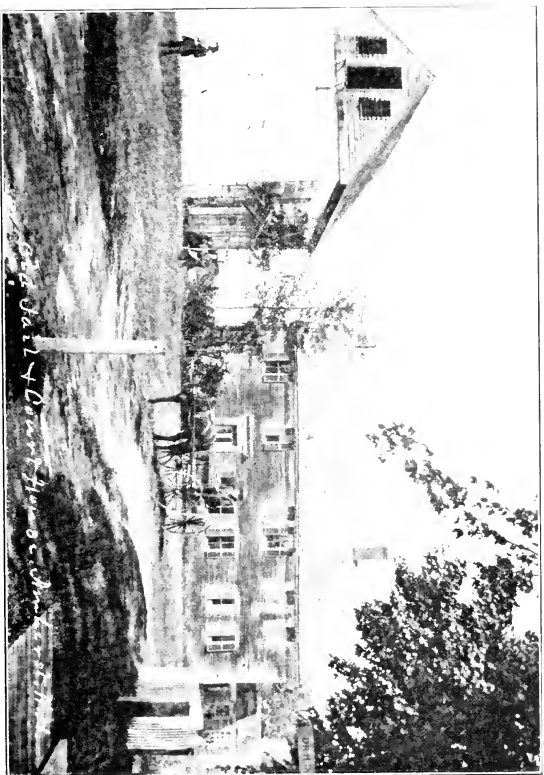


**Babboosuck Lake.**

Andrew Bradford, Wm. Lang and Benj. Taylor, surveyors of highways; Thomas Wakefield committee to examine "town accounts;" Selectmen as overseers of the poor; John Shepard Jr., surveyor of lumber.

Until the year 1768 the Judicial Courts had been held at Dover, and the people found it very hard to travel such a long distance, so the New Hampshire Assembly decided to divide the

\*Tything men were officers to preserve good order in the church during divine service and to make complaint against any persons who were there found disorderly. They were annually elected.



Jail and Court House.

territory of New Hampshire into five counties at this time. The Governor named them after English noblemen to whom he was attached, Rockingham, Strafford, Hillsborough and Grafton; Cheshire after the county of that name in England. Great importance was attached to the privilege of the shire of the county, where the courts were held, and the jail was located in which to take care of the prisoners.

Amherst came off the winner in the contest, and that event added to the importance and popularity of the town, and was made the shire town March 1768. This act had to have the approval of the King. On March 14, 1768 the town voted "to allow all those who had exerted themselves, at the election of the previous fall, to have Amherst made a shire town, the sum of four pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence lawful money."



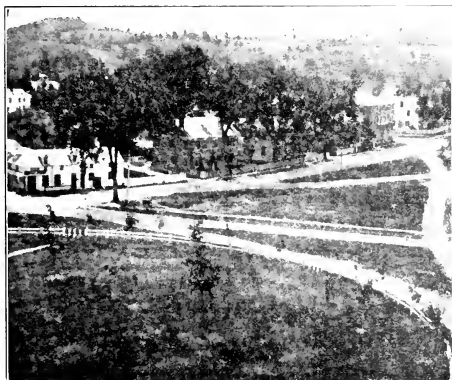
**The First Jail.**

Many men gathered at Amherst at Court time, people opened their homes to Judge and Jury, and looked forward to these times, the older people to meeting learned friends, the boys and girls with frightened interest to see the unloading of the prisoners brought here for trial from Manchester. We wonder if Cy Converse, who lived at Upper Planders, and was paid \$7.00 a year for ringing the town bell, was the one who pounded out this song with the tongue of the bell:—

Lawyer, lawyer, come to court,  
Take a piece of bread and pork;  
Pork isn't done  
Take a piece of bread and run.

The church was very prosperous and there was not room for all who wished to be seated, so in the year 1769 a number of the citizens asked permission of the town to build seats on the beams of the meeting house, which was granted them. These beams were probably the unfinished gallery.

In the year 1771 the new church was begun. There was a good deal of discussion where it should be located, the people from the North parish did not want to travel any farther than before—but it was finally decided to place it on the training field. The building committee adopted the plan of the old North church in Concord, and Ephraim Barker was hired to do the work. The oaks from which the heavy timbers were cut had grown near the land where the church was built. The dimensions were 70 ft. from east to west and 40 ft. from north to south, the steeple facing west, a porch sustaining it. A porch was on the east end, the high pulpit with the massive sounding board above it was on the north side with a window behind it, singing galleries were on the south side of the building over the main entrance, men's



Taken from Belfry Looking South West.

galleries were on the west, and the women's galleries on the east. The high pews, some six feet square, were in tiers, intersected by long, narrow aisles. The seating of the house was unusual, as the more wealthy and prominent families occupied the pews directly in front of the pulpit. These were finished differently from the others—instead of the lattice there were panels. In the east and west galleries were long free seats for the men, apart, and the women apart, and the negroes apart. Beneath the pulpit front was a free seating for venerables—in front of this a long seat for the deacons, with its huge leaf that upturned for the Communion and Town Meetings.

The passing of the congregation by the box on the table to



deposit their contributions relieved the tedium of the long Sabbath service.

The seats in the pews, a half dozen in each pew, were made so as to turn up, and were always raised in prayer-time. There was always a rattle of these seats when the "Amen" came to a half-hour prayer. It was like the rattle of small arms on a musterfield at the word "fire."

The tything men looked after boys and dogs very carefully.

On the outside of the church were three paved walks running south to the road, from each entrance; near the end of one stood a large rock which the people used as a mounting block.

The house was so far completed that it was formally dedicated to the public worship of God on the 19th day of January, 1774, which date, curiously painted in gold, in old English letters, on a panel in front of the singers' gallery, opposite the pulpit, has been, in bygone years, a puzzle to more than one of the younger members of the congregation. After the public services of the dedication at the meeting house, the visiting clergymen were entertained at the home of Pastor Wilkins. While partaking of their dinner, of which hasty pudding and milk formed a part, the newly elected deacon, "Sam" Wilkins told them a funny story of trying to catch a sheep, which pleased the reverend fathers and "the pudding flew well."

In those days there was no pipe organ but players upon instruments. The town owned a bass viol, which was not sold until 1836.

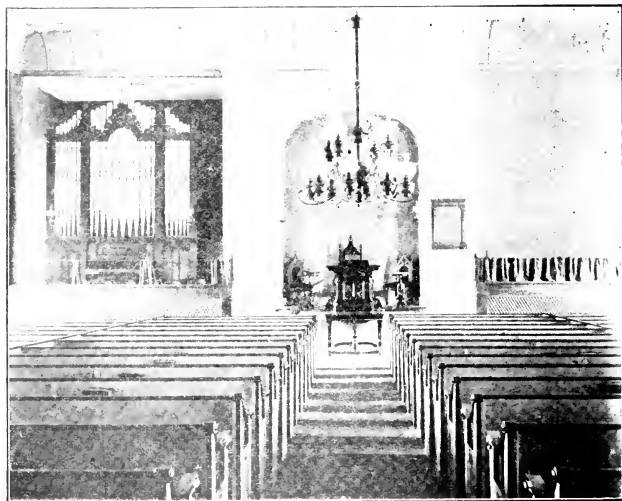
In the absence of any record of the history of church music, as the gift of song runs in families, we may assume that John Seatown, the first deacon of the name and fourth in order of election, was a leader under Pastor Wilkins. We should not err in asserting that he pitched the tune and led in the psalm, standing in front and below the pulpit, as his son and successor in office did thirty-five years afterwards. At that period "Sternhold and Hopkins" or the "Bay State Collection of Psalm and Hymns" was used. One story survives, Pastor Wilkins and the singers had introduced a new hymn book (probably the incoming version of Dr. I. Watts) to which some of the congregation were opposed.

The excitement was so great that a compromise was attempted by using the new version only for the last tune, "when the opposers retired from the house, rather than hear the words of the devil." Mr. Wilkins "thought these persons did not know what they were opposing." He accordingly arranged an exchange; and the new minister began with the new version and used it all day. At the last singing the disaffected hearers left the meeting as usual; but when they learned, soon after, that they had heard the hated tunes all day without knowing it, the

opposition became so ludicrous that they were content to say no more about it."

Nearly 50 years later, we read, "Feb. 21, 1836: This day the Singing School taught by Mr. James Aiken, nearly one hundred in numbers, took their seats in the singing pews."

This was in Dr. Lord's time, the singing pews were a coveted place—and when the ranks "were full the singing meant something, with bass viol, violin and brazen instruments, and such voices as Benj. Kendrick's, Ambrose Seaton's, Mary Goss' and



The Interior of the Present Congregational Church.

twenty others, male and female, the people could make melody in their hearts if they desired to."

No stove made the Sanctuary a place of warm delight; but the many little perforated foot stoves, and flannel-bound heated bricks, together with the very warm clothing worn, kept the parishioners very comfortable.

In the good old days the congregation remained standing until the minister passed out, he bowed and they bowed. There was a morning service at half past six on Sunday morning.

Court was first held in the dwelling house, in 1771, of J. K. Smith, then in the first church, which became the property of the County.



The first case to be tried in the Superior Court in Amherst, in Sept. 1773, was that of Israel Wilkins, who was tried for manslaughter. He pleaded "his clergy," which means he would give all his goods and chattels to the King, if they would spare his life.

The letter T was burned on the fleshy part of his left hand with a hot iron. T was the New Hampshire mark for stealing, and was used to denote a criminal. Years later a man was marked with the T on his forehead for stealing two pair of oxen.

In 1775 began the eventful struggle which severed us from Great Britain, and Amherst's record was a noble one.



Middle Street.

By the old militia law every male inhabitant, from sixteen to sixty, was obliged to be provided with a musket and bayonet, knapsack, cartridge-box, one pound of powder, twenty bullets and twelve flints. Every town was obliged to keep in readiness one barrel of powder, two hundred pounds of lead and three hundred flints, for every sixty men; beside a quantity of arms and ammunition for the supply of such as were not able to provide themselves with the necessary articles. Even those persons who were exempted from appearing at the common military trainings were obliged to keep the same arms and ammunition."

Paul Dudley Sargent, Daniel Campbell and Benj. Kendrick

represented Amherst in the first convention "of the Committee of Safety"\* held in Exeter, July 1774. In October the three men were chosen delegates "to take consideration of the grievance this country was supposed to lie under, and give them such instruction as they shall think proper."

This is the first record upon our town books of dissatisfaction with the British rule.

These men were of good judgment, not hasty in their decisions, and were directed "to use their endeavor to secure and maintain peace and good order in the town and country, and excite in the mind of people a due respect to all just measures that may be recommended by the present Grand Congress at Philadelphia. And said Delegates are instructed to take copies of this vote from the clerk, and send to all the towns in this County, that they shall think necessary to constitute a County Congress, so the good ends aforesaid may be answered, grievances heard; and remonstrate to such authority whose province it is to grant redress."

The first County Congress was held in Amherst† and in a small book in the Public Library is the history of those most important secret County conclaves held on the eve of the Revolution. Doubtless the patriotic sons of Amherst were true to the recommendation of this County Congress and did not fail to associate together to "perfect themselves in the military art," during those few days that intervened ere the cry came from "the Massachusetts" to hasten to help them. Could chanticleer on the old church steeple tell of the stirring scenes of those few days, which he looked down upon, around the old Rock upon the training field, it would be a tale that would thrill all hearts. None remain to tell of them, and records and traditions are almost as silent as the dead.

Fighting not writing was the order of the day, and when the battle was fought, and the victory won, so glorious was the result, that it overshadowed the minor details and they disappeared.

The fathers told them to their children, and they to theirs, but a hundred and more years have consigned those unrecorded to forgetfulness.

The Selectmen, acting upon a suggestion of the Grand Congress "to provide for every emergency," fearing that a rupture with the British Government might deprive them of some of the necessities of life, procured a large quantity of salt, at their own risk. The town voted that three months' time be given the Selectmen to sell their salt to the inhabitants of this town, and if not all sold to assess the town for what remained on hand.

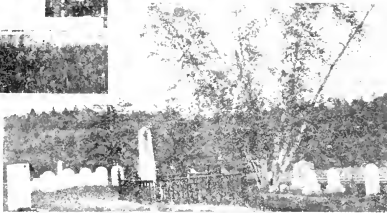
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\*Record of names copied from the original by Daniel Secomb, framed in Public library.

†County Congresses.

Great Britain dissolved our Government. The voice of the people was heard through committees and conventions which sat at Exeter. To these bodies, Amherst at this juncture, sent three trusty Whigs: Sargent afterwards of Maine, Kendrick the grandsire of Franklin Pierce, and Daniel Campbell.

But a single Loyalist dwelt here and he was subjected to unjust treatment because the inhabitants of the town were so ardent in the cause of Liberty. When the "cloud broke" they were ready. Immediately upon the receipt of the news of the attack at Lexington, a company of soldiers marched for the scene of



Cemeteries  
at the rear of  
court-house,  
"Cricket Cor-  
ner," Chest-  
nut Hill and  
Meadowview



SOLDIERS'  
MONUMENT  
at top, erected  
in 1871.



action, under the command of Capt. Josiah Crosby, arriving there the day following. They were true men and did good service in the opening scenes of that eventful struggle which resulted in our independence.

"To a man they wore small clothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings, with cowhide shoes ornamented with large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the whole company.

"The coats and waistcoats were loose and of large dimensions, with colors as various as the barks of oaks, sumach and other trees of our hills and swamps could make them, and their shirts were all made of flax, and like every other part of the dress were home made.

"On their heads was worn a large round-topped and broad-brimmed hat.

"Their arms were as various as their costumes. Here an old soldier carried a heavy Queens' arm with which he had done service at the Conquest of Canada twenty years before, while by his side walked a stripling boy, with a Spanish-fusée not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at Havana, while a few had old French pieces, that dated back to the reduction of Louisburg.

"Instead of the cartridge box, a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the rank.

"Some of the swords of the officers had been made by our own blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming utensils; they looked serviceable but heavy and uncouth."

Such was the appearance and equipment of the Continentals, to whom so often and finally, so completely, the well armed, disciplined and uniformed soldiers of "His Majesty" were compelled to surrender.

Within two years from this time, with a population of but 1428, Amherst had furnished one hundred and twenty fighting men. In the first four years twenty-two had been killed in battle, or died in service.

Just to give you an idea of what sturdy stuff Amherst men were made, and what they endured, permit me to tell you the story of one of them.

He was just an ordinary man, not distinguished, and many of you never heard his name. It was Thomas Maxwell. When only fifteen years old, he was in the Ranger service, and for nine years suffered the terrible dangers of that brave band, part of the time under the command of Rogers and Stark. He was one of Roger's company on that almost superhuman march from Crown Point, through hundreds of miles of unbroken wilderness, to the Indian village of St. Francis, followed by a large band of French and Indians, close on their heels.

He crept, with others, into that Indian village in the night and helped to kill 200 Indian warriors. He accomplished that wonderful return to the Ammonusuc, during which journey men ate their belts, their moccasins and even their soaked up powder horns, to keep alive; all this when only a boy of 17 years.

He came to Amherst in 1764, and began driving an ox team to Boston, carrying the produce and returning with various supplies. After one of these long and arduous journeys, he arrived in Boston in December 1773. He did considerable business with John Hancock, who knew him as a ranger. On this occasion, after some conversation about his load, Hancock said: "Do you want to see some sport tonight? If you do, put up your team in my stable and come to this ware house



Stone with Ring from Jail.

after dark." Maxwell, always ready for an adventure, did as he was told and later in the evening, painted and befeathered as an Indian, helped to unload that famous cargo of tea into Boston harbor. On another visit to Boston, in April 1775, he had returned as far as his sister's in Bedford, where he was spending the night. His sister's husband was Jonathan Wilson, in command of the Bedford Minute Men.

During the night they heard "A hurry of hoofs in the village street."

They saw "A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark" and knew "That the fate of a nation was riding that night."

He was asked to accompany the Bedford men, and gladly accepted, went "well armed" and you may be sure that more than one "red coat" rolled in the dust as the result of this ranger's marksmanship.

In the fight Capt. Wilson was killed. Maxwell returned to Bedford, hired a man to take home his team, and repaired to Cambridge, where the Amherst Company, of which he was second lieutenant, short-

ly arrived. On June 17, 1775, he was one of the brave men who crossed Charlestown Neck under fire. In that fight, history says that he lost "one fine shirt and one powder horn."

After the evacuation of Boston by the British, in 1776, Maxwell marched with the army to Providence and New York and from thence to Canada and back to Crown Point and Ticonderoga. In December, 1776, he with his regiment joined the army under Gen. Washington and he was in those famous battles at Trenton and Princeton. In 1777 he was in the battle at Hubbardston, Vt., where the British so badly whipped the Americans. He also took part in the battles of Bennington, Bemis Heights, and Saratoga. In 1778 he was employed in the ranger service in Central New York and was in the battle of Stony Arabia. A year later, 1779, he was with Gen. Sullivan in his expedition against the hostile Indians in Central New York. For a few years Mr. Maxwell turned to ways of peace and resided with his family at Buckland, Mass. During this time he was chosen a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of Massachusetts.

In 1787 the war spirit was again roused and he became captain of a company to suppress Shay's Rebellion in western Massachusetts.

The tireless energy of the old pioneer possessed him and in 1800 at the age of 58, he moved to Ohio and engaged in farming. Twelve years later, at the age of seventy, when it seemed as though he had given enough for his country, he again shouldered a musket and joining the army under Gen. Hull, marched to Detroit, where he was taken prisoner. After his release upon parole he returned home; then his house was burned by a mob that accused him of having advised the surrender of Hull. This would have soured the patriotism of most men, but in 1813, he again joined the army under Harrison, and in 1814, seventy-two years old, served under Gen. Miller at Chippewa, Lundy Lane and Fort Erie.

Near the latter place he was once more taken prisoner by the British, who treated him with great severity. He was exchanged in March 1814, and returned to his home, where he died at the good old age of ninety-two.

During the war, the Selectmen paid out of the town treasury nearly \$18,000 to our own soldiers. Brave Crosby with his company, fought and bled at Bunker Hill. Nichols commanded a regiment at Bennington. Gallant Bradford led his company and rendered signal service upon that field.

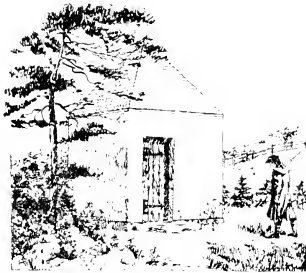
The town voted Sept. 15th, 1774 to build a powder house on the east side of the burying ground for the purpose of securing the town's stock of ammunition. It was built of chestnut logs hewn, 12 in. thick, lathed and plastered on the outside, was 10 ft. square with pointed roof. It was used for more than 30 years, then removed.

That event which is annually celebrated in our country as the birthday of the nation, was proclaimed by Moses Kelly, Esq.,

the Sheriff of the County, with beat of drum from the Rock\* on the training field, on the 18th of July, 1776. A list of those who were killed or died in the Revolutionary war from the Battle of Bunker Hill to Nov. 1779 was prepared by Robert B. Wilkins, a lieutenant in the army, and published in the Farmers' Cabinet, in 1829.

Capt. Luther Dana, in 1785, asked leave to build a store for "Traiding" in the training field, but the town refused the request.

Out of this request, probably soon after this date, originated the building known as the "Old Read Store." It was situated a few feet southeast of where the Soldiers' Monument now is, a square building of two stories. An outside stairway on the east side of the building, led to what was called the Baptist hall. The building was painted, had a green door, and thick shutters to the windows, which were painted red and lettered.



The Powder House.

In 1783, eleven years before the incorporation of the town of Milford, the "Southwest Parish" voted to build a new meeting house, and raised 95 pounds for boards and timbers. They decided March 2nd, 1784 to locate it near the river at a point where there was room between a couple of big stumps. A year later the Parish had its meeting house, but what a building it must have been, one story, no clapboards, no shingles, no window frames or glass, no belfry, no pews, no floor.

The money for the church came slowly, but doors, windows, floor, ceiling, clapboards, pews and galleries all came in time.

In 1794 the S. W. Parish was incorporated as Milford, and eight years later a bell was hung in the new belfry of their meeting house.

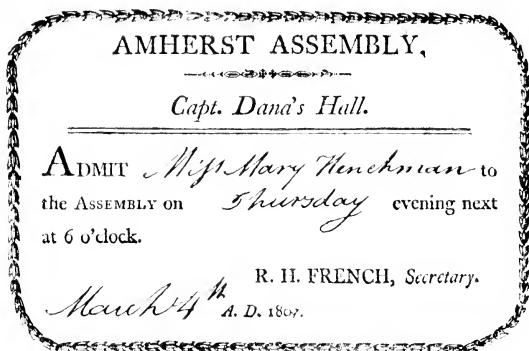
\*Before the old meeting house was moved, there was a large stone or horse block in front which was thought to disfigure it but objections were made to its removal, till the building of the Court house, then David Means was chosen Highway Surveyor for the Common, and had the stone severed and removed to help make underpinning for the present Town House

The year 1783 was made memorable by the close of the Revolutionary War.

In September Articles of Peace between Great Britain and the United States were signed at Paris by which the Independence of the states was acknowledged by the Mother Country..

The year 1789 was distinguished for the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

The Convention that framed it, had before the close of the previous year, sent it to the several States for their ratification.



The approval of nine States was necessary and eight had approved previous to the action of New Hampshire. Consequently great interest attached thereto.

Having been referred to this Town for their action Jan. 1st, Amherst chose a talented committee to examine the Constitution and report to the town.

Jan. 15th, this committee reported unanimously "not to recommend the adoption of the Constitution in its present form." The Town therefore voted "not to approve of said Constitution as it now stands."

Hon. Joshua Atherton was chosen to represent the Town in the Convention to act upon its adoption at Exeter in February. Mr. Atherton opposed on several counts but especially on account of its supposed recognition of Slavery and its permitting the slave trade to continue until 1808. On this clause, in the first Article of the Constitution, he made a speech, which was

<sup>2</sup>Page 19 Farmers History of Amherst.



almost the only one made in that Convention\*, which has been preserved, and which is doubly interesting from the circumstance that the records of the Convention are lost.

As the discussion progressed the result became so doubtful, that the friends of the Constitution fearing an immediate decision, secured an adjournment of the Convention until June, when it reassembled at Concord.

In the meanwhile the people had fully discussed its provisions, their objections had in many cases been overcome, and



**South West Parish Church.**  
(Present Eagle Hall, Milford.)

on coming together, but four days were needed to complete the work.

The Constitution was adopted by a majority of eleven.

The proceedings of this Convention excited an interest surpassing that of every other deliberative body ever held in the State, and the result was received with general satisfaction, in many places with demonstration and joy.

The Town, in 1788, voted to grant 80 pounds toward the erection of a new court house. Its erection, location, form and figure were referred to a committee and the Selectmen of the town.

The second court house was built just northwest of the watering trough at the east end of the common.

After the brick court house was built in 1825 the old building was moved to where it now stands on Foundry St. Near its original location on the common were the whipping post and pillory.

In the second court house was heard the magic eloquence of Jeremiah Mason, Levi Woodbury, the elder Atherton, Sullivan, Livermore, and other noted jurists. Daniel Webster also made his maiden argument here before Judge Farrar, of which the learned Judge said:

"That young man's statement is a most unanswerable argument."

Many other gifted minds have received development, and many displays of talent have been witnessed in this old building.



Second Court House.

#### Webster's First Plea.

When Daniel Webster and his brother Ezekiel were boys, they were greatly annoyed one year by the ravages of the squirrels, and traps were set to catch them. Ezekiel brought the first capture to the house in triumph, and boylike, eager to kill him at once as a punishment for his misdeeds, or to make him a prisoner for life in a cage; but Daniel would consent to neither sentence. He wanted to set the poor frightened little creature free. The dispute waxed warm, and the boys appealed to their father.

He proposed to hold a court and have the squirrel tried, Ezekiel appearing for the prosecution, Daniel for the defense. This was a grand idea. The court was organized in the family sitting room with

father on the bench. Ezekiel did his very best. He enlarged upon the iniquities of the squirrel and the necessity for punishment, and supposed he had covered the whole ground. But Daniel rose, his young face lighted with enthusiasm, and his young heart full of pity for the helpless creature for whose life he was to plead. Boy as he was he poured out such a flood of eloquent speech on the beauty and worth of life even to a squirrel, on the great wrong of imprisonment for an unconscious offense, and on the charm of freedom, that when he sat down his hearers wiped the tears from their eyes. The prosecutor was the first to deliver the little prisoner, and Daniel and Ezekiel set no more traps.



Rev. Daniel Wilkins' Marker.

Washington was elected President in 1789 and served two terms, until 1797, when he was followed by John Adams serving one term. In the autobiography of one of our townsmen, he recalls when a boy seeing Washington in Springfield, Mass., in 1789.

Washington was then on a visit to the Arsenal, where his commanding appearance attracted the attention of all, especially the boys.

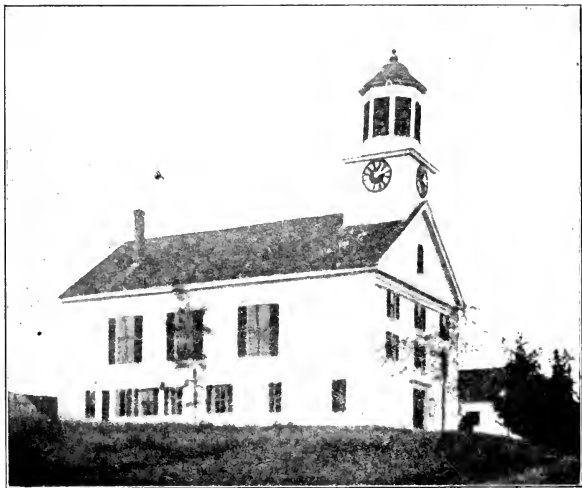
His cocked hat, from under which protruded the staid ear-

locks, and the stately tie-behind, powdered white as snow in the ancient style, were perfectly remembered.

As he walked around among the stacks of glistening small arms, and the big guns in the public stores, he was closely beset by the boys, who intently gazed in his face, eagerly catching every word, and gleam of his benignant countenance for future remembrance.

As an appendage to the cavalcade which escorted him, the boys rode on canes and sticks following the procession, delighted as any in their part of the grand exhibition, shouting, "We've seen him, we've seen George Washington."

That portion of the town set off as Mont Vernon in 1802, was



**North West Parish.**

(Present Town House, Mont Vernon)

in 1781 the Second or Northwest Parish of Amherst. Soon after the organization of the church, Rev. Mr. Coggin of Chelmsford, Mass., preached to a large congregation in Major Cole's barn, on the importance of erecting, without delay, a house of worship; an undertaking of no small difficulty, amid the pecuniary stress of these Revolutionary days. The sermon, however, was decidedly effective.

On the following April, each farmer in the settlement not only contributed freely his quota of timber, which, according to

the fashion of those times, was timber with a witness, both in dimensions and weight, but they drew it quite the last of the month, on a depth of ice-crusts snow, above which neither fence nor wall was visible. Fifty-four persons constituted the Second Parish in 1781."

A lot of land was given by Lieut. James Woodbury, the church was built without delay, and Rev. John Bruce became their settled minister in November 1785. 160 members were added to the church during his pastorate of 25 years.

In 1837 the church was moved to the west side of the street, remodelled and furnished with a bell and an organ—it is now the Town house, a beautiful new church having been built opposite the old one.



Half of Aurean Academy Building.

The Aurean Academy was projected in 1789, and incorporated a year later.

The town voted to allow the use of the court house, when not needed for holding courts or town meeting, and that the proprietors need not pay school taxes, as long as they supported the Academy and kept the court house in repair.

In 1790 the town had become the centre of a large and lucrative trade, the population reaching 2309, among whom were 33 colored persons.

This picture is the stone which has been erected by Miss McKean to the memory of her forbears:



Daniel Prior  
1760-1808  
Abigail  
Nathaniel Woodbury  
1729-1823  
Elizabeth Butter  
1758-1822  
N. W. Gardner  
1793-1815  
Mary Woodbury  
1776-1854  
Andrew Woodbury  
-1806

Up to 1701 there had been no official post office. Two or three weeks were generally necessary for a letter to pass from Philadelphia to the borders of New Hampshire, and as all organized means of spreading intelligence were confined to a small area along the sea coast, the inhabitants of the interior were dependent upon chance for their facilities for communication.

To remedy these evils, the Legislature passed a law establishing four post routes in and through the interior of the state. Post offices were established at various places, Amherst being one.



One of the First Soapstone Stoves Made in Amherst.

Each post rider performed his route once in two weeks. The postage, which was six pence for every forty miles, and four pence for a less distance went to the post riders, and post masters were allowed to charge two pence to be advanced on every letter and package which passed through their offices. Dr. Samuel Curtis was appointed to have charge of the office at Amherst, which was in the tavern kept by him south of the common.

One of the routes was from Portsmouth to Keene through Exeter, Londonderry and Amherst. All mail matter for the County was forwarded to and delivered at this office.

In 1800 a stringent law was passed for better observance of the Sabbath, giving tything men power to stop all persons travelling on that day, and severe penalties were imposed on those breaking the law.

The law and the tything men were thus very unpopular among the young folks.

The accession of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency, the 4th of March 1801, was noticed by the discharge of cannon, ringing of the bell, and a public dinner at Mr. Watson's hall, at which the Selectmen, Representative, and a large number of citizens were present. The "Messenger" said "Decency and harmony prevailed throughout the whole entertainment."

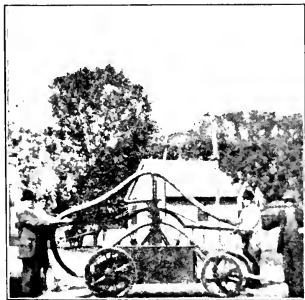
During the dinner, however, two boys went into the belfry and tolled the bell.

The enraged Jeffersonians left the hall, and surrounded the church, compelling the boys to surrender.

They gave as the reason for their prank that they were duly noticing the decease of Adams' administration.

Amherst in 1805 was the busiest place of all the towns of the interior of New Hampshire. It was more important than Concord and of larger mercantile business than any other towns of the state, saving Portsmouth and Exeter. It was located at the terminal of the Second N. H. Turnpike, and was for many years the most important business point between Windsor, Vt., and the seashore. Its traders did a thriving business, not only with the other towns of the County, but with the farmers from the northern part of the State and Vermont, many of whom came to Amherst to exchange their products for groceries and other needed family supplies.

In 1805 an elegant church clock was presented to the Town by Perkins Nichols, (a brother of Gen. Moses Nichols) and placed on the front of the gallery, opposite the pulpit, where it remained till the remodelling of the house, when it was removed to the Town Hall below, and is now doing duty in the present Town Hall, bearing upon its face the name of its generous giver.



The Yankee.

The attention of the citizens being called to the need of some better security against fire, the small engine, the Yankee, was bought in 1808 and for many years was housed in the meeting house horse sheds.

It was originally a bucket tub, the tank being filled with water by a line of people who passed the buckets of water from one to another until the tank was reached, then it was pumped to the fire.

Some years ago a suction connection was added.

The first Company to man the Yankee, more than a hundred years ago, consisted of Robert Means, Chas. H. Atherton, Daniel Weston, Capt. Eli Brown, Wm. Reed, Capt. Daniel Prior, Wm. Fiske, James Roby, David Stewart and John Shepard.

This is probably the oldest tub in actual service in the United States.

The motto painted on its first buckets was, "Be swift to do good." The motto of its original Company was "We will endeavor."



Nathaniel Woodbury.

A new engine was purchased in 1850 and named Lawrence No. 2 in honor of one of the donors. The year following the house owned by Robert Read, but occupied by A. Lawrence was burned, and it was a singular and sad incident that the first fire with which the new engine should have to contend, and unsuccessfully, should have consumed the home of its namesake.

In 1812 the present town clock was purchased and placed in position. It was built in the shop of Thomas Woolson Jr., the work being done by Luther Elliott.

In 1812 Amherst was again called on for men to fight against England. About 15 from Amherst and vicinity responded to the call.

In 1814 there was intense excitement all through the country as the news spread of the taking of the National Capital, and the burning of the White House by the British forces. Portsmouth was threatened, and this greatly added to the excitement in this State.

By orders from Gov. Gilmore men were drafted immediately to defend Portsmouth, but in a short time they returned home, without having felt the enemy's lead or seen aught of the Government's silver.

With what joy the announcement of the Treaty of Ghent was received will be best told in the words of the old "Cabinet" on the occasion:

"On the arrival of the joyful news in the town it was announced in the Court of Common Pleas sitting here, when the Chief Justice immediately adjourned the Court, and the joy of the people burst forth in the usual demonstrations of gladness by repeated cheering, ringing of the bell, and firing of cannon, which was continued through the day."



No general celebration of the event is recorded as occurring here, our citizens uniting with those of neighboring towns in such an observance at Milford, which was one of much spirit, Rev. Humphrey Moore being the orator of the day.



**John Farmer.**

In May 1819, John Farmer, Esq., then resident here, published "An Historical Sketch of Amherst," a second edition followed in 1837. The manuscript is in the Public Library.

Dr. Farmer's dress was most curious. In the warmest days of summer, for an upper garment, he often wore a flowing gown of calico. His general costume was a coat of blue broadcloth with brass buttons, according to the custom of the day, and a vest of the same material and color, but he could adorn himself for an occasion with one of buff or pure white.

His pantaloons, too, were sometimes of a lighter hue, but dark blue prevailed, a happy circumstance, as quite frequently an unfortunate spot on the right side was compelled to submit to a few smart strokes from the point of a refractory or untidy pen. About his neck he wore an ample white cravat neatly tied in front. Then let the feet be covered with boots of calf-skin soft as morocco, and the head with a high shining hat, and you have the whole costume of the man.

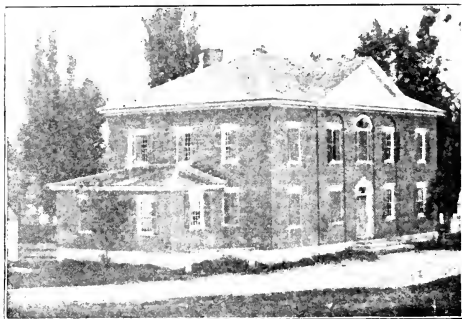
In 1820, under a new law, soldiers who served in the Wars and had received pensions, were obliged to prove anew their claims, and Fourth of July found about one hundred and forty of the "Ancient and Honorable" attending the Court which was here that day for that purpose. The grotesque appearance of these veterans and heroes of the Revolution awakened the feelings of all who beheld them, bowed down with infirmities, pinched with poverty, and worn out with the labors of life, their claims to National gratitude seemed stamped in their faces. Some of them had not seen each other since the war, and they

were seen sitting in groups "fighting those battle over again of 'olden days'."

At noon recess they marched around the plain, Captain Zaccarius Walker of Ipswich their leader, the man on his right being ninety-nine years of age, who marched like a man of fifty. A drum and fife played by some of their own numbers was their music. They also marched to the house of Hon: Clifton Claggett to express their gratitude to him as their Representative in Congress.

In 1823 a new County, Merrimack, was formed, taking many towns from Hillsborough County, thereby reducing the legal business transactions in Amherst.

The brick court house, now our Town house, was built in



**Court House.**

this year by the liberal subscriptions of citizens. Of this we can find no record except that the town relinquished all the right they had in the old court house to the committee for building the new one, their share of the proceeds of the sale of the house to be expended on or about the new house, and to be entered on the subscription paper as the subscription of the town of Amherst toward the erection of the new court house.

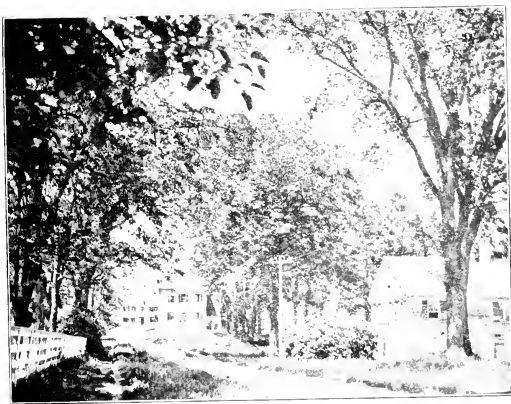
Before the second meeting house was moved, there was a large stone or horse block in front, which was thought to disfigure it, but objections were made to its removal, till the building of the court house, then David Means was chosen Highway Surveyor for the Common, and had the stone severed and removed to help make the underpinning for the present Town house.

A daily "accommodation carriage" was first run in May, between Amherst and Dunstable, Mondays passing through Milford, Wednesdays through Hollis, intersecting the stages be-

tween Concord and Boston, thus first giving communication with these places.

The first bell was bought by the Parish in 1793 and was rung at 9 o'clock each evening, at the town's expense. It was cracked in use, and was exchanged for a larger one, which was brought to the village and raised from the wagon by the windlass at the hay scales. But it was struck once too often, and was changed for a third, which was also cracked, and again changed for the present bell in 1839.

In 1825, a Rifle Company was organized in Amherst, and took the name of the "Lafayette Riflemen," in honor of the Nation's guest. It became one of the most noted corps of the state, and was well sustained for thirty years.



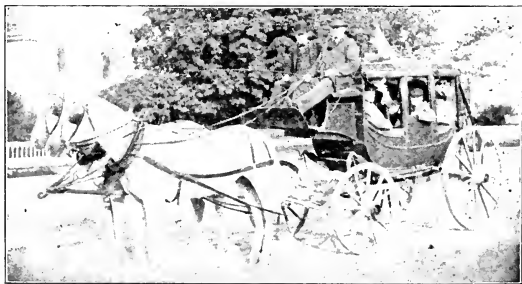
Court House Road.

From 1787 to 1794 the militia of Amherst was divided into four companies; one in the north-west parish, one in the south-west parish, and two, the "East" and the "West" in the first parish. After the incorporation of Milford and Mont Vernon, the "East" and "West" Companies alone remained in Amherst. On the formation of the Lafayette Rifle Company in 1825, the "West" Company was disbanded, leaving "Old East" the only infantry company in town.

Extract from an address given by Daniel Webster, at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17th, 1825, half a century from the day of the battle and on the ground where Warren fell:

"The great event in the history of the Continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honour, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of Country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The Society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honourable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American independence. They have thought, that, for this object, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suit to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for His



The Old Stage.

blessing and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the work of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have raised it.

"We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind.

"We know, that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reaches the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times.

"We know that no inscription, on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate

where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the durations of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial.

But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution.

"Human beings are composed not only of reason, but of imagination, also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed, that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollection which it suggests.

We wish, that labour may look up here and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish, that in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national powers still stand strong. We wish, that this column rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

In 1830 the Town required all dwellings to be supplied with fire buckets and ladders, the fireward to appear at all fires with "a staff" six feet long, painted red, surmounted with a brass spire. Some of them are still in the town. The little Yankee did good work in helping save the old brick, when Hugh Moore's watch shop was in the northwest corner of the building.

The farm once owned by the Town for the care of its poor was bought in 1830. It was on the south side of the Souhegan River, being a portion of the grant made to individuals by the General Court of Massachusetts "at a place called by the Indians Quohquinapassakessarrairroy, known in history as the 'Souhegan Farms'." Fire and losses decided the Town to give up a Town Farm some years later.

In the year 1835 the Congregational Society bought the church of the Town for less than \$100.00.

The present Baptist Meeting House was built by the Unitarians and Universalists, "raised June 9th, 1835, without accident and without rum." The Baptist Society took it and refitted it in 1879. Some of the years they held their meetings in the hall of the Read store.



Alfred Little.

The Methodist Chapel was built in 1839 and '40, and rebuilt in 1879.

The Congregational Chapel was erected in 1858. It is kept in repair by the income of the legacy from Dea. A. Lawrence.

1835. This was the birthday of Railroads in New England. The Boston and Lowell connected with a steamer plying between Lowell and Nashua, on the river, which in turn connected with a coach from Nashua, which passed twice each way daily.

A survey was made and a straight, level and eligible route found, and hopes were high of Amherst being connected with



Boston directly, but 1916 finds Amherst village without this railroad. In the manuscript history of Edward D. Boylston there is one chapter of "Amherst Railroads" from the "Souhegan" with its iron purchased, that never was used, to the "Mont Vernon Electric" flash and fizzle.

1836. The Congregational Church was moved, the repairing being superintended by Jonathan Knight. It was occupied the first Sunday in January.

1838. The brick school house at the west end of the Common was built.

In 1841 the art of taking daguerreotypes was introduced into Amherst by E. D. Boylston. There are in this volume copies of the pictures of children, taken by this process.



While firing the evening salute of Fourth of July 1861, the noted old iron six pounder, which for many years was a bone of contention between the boys of Milford and Amherst, was burst into four pieces, leaving about a foot of the breach intact. No one was injured. The history of this gun is unwritten; it was here before the present century, it was probably purchased by a subscription of the members of the first Artillery Company residing in different towns. Tradition says it was first fired in the night, creating great alarm among those not knowing of its presence, giving the people the impression that an earthquake had occurred, though Gen. Nichols assured his wife that the concussion had quite a different sound. The old "being dead yet speaketh." For its antiquity it was worthy of being pre-



served, having outlived four National struggles. There is scarcely a gun in the army or navy that had been so closely watched and guarded. It was like "school marms," "boarded round," two towns at least vying in their attentions.

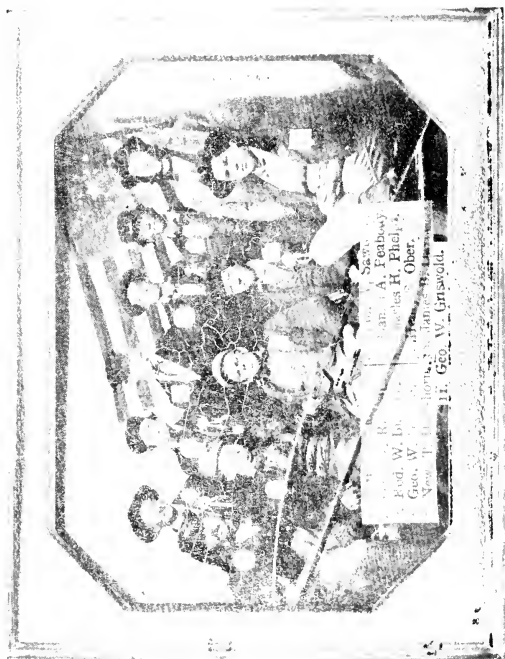
Dec. 2nd, 1863, one of the largest fires Amherst ever suffered took place, burning the barn of David Stewart, Union Hotel (Hardy's), store of Hapgood & Abbot in which was the post office, the old Means store, and another small one. The beautiful Republican flag and streamer was burned, being stored in the hall over the store. The following February several young ladies, calling themselves "The Banner Club," presented another flag to the Republican Club.

That King George III had a jail in Amherst is now satisfactorily established, tho' not much more secure than his hold upon the people. It is connected with the present dwelling of Mr. Hodgman one-half mile south of the village. Its security may be judged of by the fact that the Court of Sessions, Oct. 1772, voted a guard of four men therefor. In 1771 the place was purchased by Joshua Atherton, which may account for the fact that he and other political prisoners from the County were held at Exeter until the completion of the new jail.

The Court in its acceptance of the old house of worship for its use, came under obligations to furnish a county jail, which was the long building at the head of Jail Avenue built in 1777 and 1778 known as the "County House." The land on which these buildings were was presented to the County by Jonathan Smith, in 1771. The west end was constructed for a jail, being built of oak timbers overlaid with iron bars on the inside, while the east end of the building was arranged for the uses of the jailor and family. This was in use some forty years, but proving insecure and insufficient, a new stone jail was built, by the County, below, near the brook. This, proving damp and inconvenient, was taken and rebuilt, with same material, at the west end of the County House. It was surrounded by a high brick wall, picketed, with entrance to jail from west end of house. The stairs on the south side led to the women's quarters. It was sold together, with the County House after the jail at Manchester was built. One of the large stone blocks from the jail, with ring in the top, to which prisoners used to be chained, is on the Common. c

One of the heaviest blows given to the business prosperity of Amherst since the failure of the old Hillsboro Bank was the closing of the Farmers' Bank in January 1843 from the refusal of the Legislature to renew its charter.

The Ornamental Tree Society set out the row of elm trees to complete the row from Dr. Spalding's in April 1846. The beautiful row of maples on Boston Road was set out in 1854 by Melendy and David.



First Volunteers, 1861.

# Amherst in the Rebellion

Record of 1861 to 1865

Amherst's part in the suppression of the Rebellion, that memorable struggle from 1861 to 1865, is one that makes the heart of every lover of the old town swell with honest pride.

Amherst was quick to respond to the call of the country for defenders of her liberties, and it is with grateful hearts we cherish the memory of the brave deeds of those noble benefactors.



Boston Road Looking North.

A meeting of the citizens of Amherst was holden at the Town Hall, Monday evening, April 23rd, 1861, to respond to the President's call for troops, and to aid in putting down the Southern Rebellion.

It was the most enthusiastic meeting in the place since that which followed the announcing of the Declaration of Independence from the old rock on the Common. Previous to entering the hall the citizens formed in line, and, to the beat of the stirring drum, marched out and saluted the flag, then marched to the hall, where they were called to order by B. B. David and the following organization effected: Pres., B. B. David; Perley

Dodge, Chas. Richardson, Levi J. Secomb, David Stewart, Vice Presidents; E. D. Boylston, C. E. Hapgood, Secretaries.

On taking the chair the President feelingly announced the object of the meeting, dwelt upon the importance of sustaining the Government and the Union, and pledged his all to the call and services of the Country. After prayer by Rev. J. G. Davis, and eloquent speeches by thirteen of the citizens, suitable resolutions were offered and adopted. A pledge to meet any assessment made by the Finance Committee was largely signed, and fourteen young men offered their services to fight the battles of the Constitution.

They started October 14 via Concord for Fort Constitution, where they were to receive their equipments. The scene at the leaving was deeply affecting, there was no flagging of spirit among them as the deafening cheers they gave as they left fully testified.



C. P. Dodge

S. B. Melendy

Wm. R. Clark

The First N. H. Regiment, composed of three months' men, left the State May 25th, and with it went George Vose, having enlisted at Nashua previous to the citizens' meeting in Amherst.

"The volunteers who had been stationed at Fort Constitution, declined the three years' service, were fully discharged, and returned home.

Warren Russell enlisted in the band of the Mass. Seventh from Taunton, Mass.

The call for 300,000 three years' men in July, roused the land to a terrible conviction of the greatness of the struggle, and enlistment went rapidly on.

The Third N. H. Regiment, at Concord, and the Fourth, at Manchester, based on the surplus of the Third, were soon ready for the field and in one month after the Fourth was organized. The Fifth was enlisted and mustered into service at Concord (Oct. 26). Our townsman Charles E. Hapgood was appointed a Recruiting officer for this regiment, and enlisted here a fine

company from this and the neighboring towns, who were mustered in as Co. I.

Mr. Hapgood was made Captain of the Company formed in Hillsborough County for the Fifth Regiment.

The first death among the Volunteers was that of Wm. Waterman Sawtelle. He was one of the first group, and later enlisted in the N. H. Second under Capt. Weston, and was at the battle at Bull Run. He died at Washington from fever, his parting words when leaving home were, "Let me return bearing the Old Flag, or wrapped in it."

The cost of the war to this town was large but was cheerfully borne by her loyal and patriotic citizens; the aggregate expense was nearly \$50,000. A large share of this was returned by a grateful country, but it was not expected during the dark days of the war.

In 1871 a monument was erected "In honor of Our Citizen



Going to Pasture.

Soldiers," 1861-1865 by the town of Amherst assisted by a legacy from A. Lawrence Esq. The granite from which the monument was made was taken from one of our own farms. The location was the training field of the famous "Old West," back into the eighteenth century, a company of brave men who did brilliant duty in many a sham fight, but who never saw a real one, or dreamed that their appointed training ground would within the nineteenth century, be rendered historic by the erection there of a monument to their descendants, fallen in bloody strife.

There were one hundred and five men in the Civil War from Amherst, or in some way connected with our town.

Boxes were packed with roasted turkey and a little roasted pig, boiled ham, plum pudding, pies and other good things, by the friends at home, for our soldier boys' first Thanksgiving. The boys had planned for a good time, but the box was delayed and they were hurried away to Alexandria and still fed on soldiers' rations.

At the opening of the year 1862 there were eight New Hamp-

shire regiments in the service, and the Ninth called, and all contained Amherst men.

On Aug. 23rd on motion of Horace Clark, the town voted unanimously to give the nine months' men \$150 and the same pay to their families as to those enlisting for the war. This \$150 with the \$60 from the State, \$25 of the Government, and the \$15 of advance pay made a total of \$248.

September brought President Lincoln's Proclamation of prospective Emancipation, fixing Jan. 1st, 1863, for confiscation and freeing of the slaves of all persons then found in Rebellion against the Government. These were trying and exciting days and eager throngs ever crowded the post office at the hour of every mail. A draft was pending, but postponed by the Gov-



**Rev. Wm. Clark's House.**

ernment to give towns the chance to fill their quota by enlistments. Joy and sadness were strangely mingled, receiving the news of the death of one and the welcoming home of another.

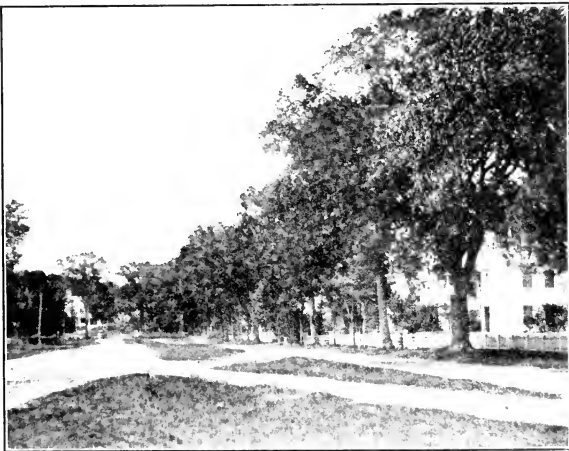
The long continued and deadly struggle, and the fearful wants and wastes of war, had not only brought heavy sorrows to all hearts, but pinching need and personal physical suffering all over the loyal and disloyal land. With gold at 280, cost of living had become enormous, and rumors of starvation, even, were rife in the land. Business in all departments was fearfully depressed, and many unable to obtain work or support.

Congress created the new office of Lieutenant General of the U. S. Army, and by special enactment placed the whole control and direction of the entire campaign in the hand of that cool and clear head, Ulysses S. Grant and, from that point the loyal army moved "on to Richmond" and victory, though not without oft defeat and disaster. May 17, 1864 drafting commenced at Concord, five men were sent from Amherst, two were accepted. Still another draft was made and two more of Amherst's men chosen.

At the Town Meeting June 20th, Wm. A. Mack (who as chairman of the Board of Selectmen had managed the financial affairs of the Soldiers' department) was elected special Town

Agent for filling the quota. The town appropriated \$5000 for that purpose, and instructed him to fill without limitation. Just at this juncture, Gov. Gilmore was authorized to raise four additional companies of Heavy Artillery, and through the very liberal bounty offered, seven of the young men of Amherst enlisted in this corps. Thus by the indomitable energy of the Town Agent, aided by these generous offers of the town and its citizens, the quota was filled.

By Proclamation of the President, seconded by that of the Governor, August 4th was observed as a day of Fasting and Prayer, in view of the National Crisis. The day was solemnly



**Main Street.**

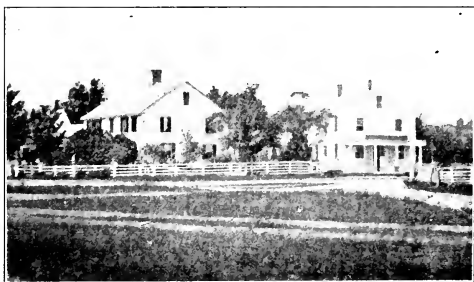
observed in Amherst, with very appropriate church services. The annual Thanksgiving was a day of hearty praise. Lincoln had been triumphantly re-elected; Atlanta had fallen, and proudly Sherman, Sheridan and Grant were marching on to assured victory. Heaven had honored our arms and implements and all hearts rejoiced in the hope of the speedy return of the days of peace and plenty.

December brought another call, for 300,000, the last having netted but 40 per cent. As the smoke of battle cleared up at the close of the year, a brightened future was revealed. Thanks to Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Farragut and Porter, and all the brave and valiant sons of the land and of the ocean who had

upheld the Government, fought its battles, and won those victories which was a presage of coming Peace, Union and Prosperity, it seems as if these United States would all untrammelled by slavery, stand forth, the admiration of the world! Then would the fields rejoice and the trees clap their hands," and Freedom go flying around the earth, bearing the "red, white and blue" and joyfully proclaiming: "Behold what God hath wrought."

With the opening of 1865, the States in Rebellion, one after another, gave signs of relenting, and came wheeling into the line of Freedom and the Union. The Confederacy saw nothing but defeat and dissolution before it, but its desperate and despairing leaders seemed determined to make its dying struggles as bitter as possible.

February opened with wild rejoicings, the House of Representatives in Congress having, on the closing day of January, passed the joint resolution, rejected at the previous session, sub-



Emerson Tavern.

Cabinet Office.

Boylston Corner.

mitting to the Legislatures of the several states a proposition so to amend the Constitution of the United States as to prohibit Slavery, many and all of them, by a vote of 112 to 56, just the two-thirds requisite. There was great joy in Amherst. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and one wrote, "Give us a few weeks of pleasant weather and Jeff. Davis and the whole C. S. A. can hang their harps upon the willows." Do you doubt it?"

April opened with stirring Union victories, the fall of Richmond, the taking of Charleston, the complete overthrow of the Confederacy. Great was the rejoicing, local and universal, as at dawn on Monday, April the 10th, there went flashing over the wires of the world the gladdest message that had been enunciated since "peace and good will to man" was listened to by the Shepherd in the far-off Orient.



"Lee had surrendered to General Grant."

Before a week had passed this great joy was turned to grief, as on that black Friday night, there went flashing and crashing over the wires of the land the startling, astounding report of the assassination of the President, the noble Abraham Lincoln.

Names of all from or connected with Amherst in Civil War, Page 95 E. D. B. Great Civil conflict.

In 1866 the fence now around the common was planned. Chas. Merrill, who kept a shoe store, and whom many will remember as the music school teacher, was the leader in this movement. The spring following, the new Park was planted with trees, the citizens had a "bee" which resulted in many dollars' worth of labor being done. In October the jail and County house were sold at auction.



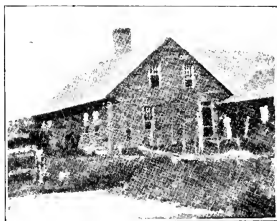
**Amherst Library.**

The Amherst Library Association, which had its origin in the social gatherings of a circle of Amherst worthy ladies for self improvement, in 1850, continued in successful operation, adding to its library from time to time by entertainments and otherwise, until 1879, when the same was donated to and accepted by the Town as a Public Library, for the free use of the citizens. The books were kept in the Town House. By 1890 the Trustees realized that larger quarters were needed and under the leadership of Rev. J. G. Davis they set about to raise money for them. In 1892 the new building was dedicated, being built

in Judge Parker's garden. In 1910 the building was enlarged by James W. Towne.

Of New Hampshire's sons who have gone out into the world to make their fortunes, none, perhaps, have had a more remarkable career than Horace Greeley, none has lived his life more conscientiously, nor died more respected by those who knew him, and those who although not knowing him personally, felt his far reaching influence for good. He was, as a politician, statesman, and one of the world's greatest editors, held up as an example to countless boys who were being carefully trained by good mothers and fathers to become good men "like Horace Greeley was," as high a standard of manhood as could well be set in those days.

His simplicity and gentleness were only equalled by his honesty and truthfulness, and he gave advice and sympathy, help-



Horace Greeley's Birthplace.

fulness and assistance to any who asked it. "Go West young man" was his inspiring call to the young men who were to conquer the Western Plains and seek fortunes in the mines.

He was described by J. G. Whittier as "our later Franklin." He was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency of the United States, and was a self made man.

Poverty was his heritage, and the struggles of his boyhood were such as would discourage the average man.

Before he could talk plainly, he began to amuse himself by "picking out" familiar words, and the Farmers' Cabinet, the local paper, was a favorite with him.

When six years old, the older children were discussing the future, and planning their places. His true, big hearted mother asked laughingly, "What are you going to be when you are a big man, Horace?" He answered promptly, "A printer. I am going to make newspapers, and write things for other people to read."

His first triumph was in spelling down the entire school. By the time he was ten he had read every book that could be bor-

rowed in Amherst. Ever hungry for books, words, words, words, were his delight, and he shortly became the champion speller of the schools.

To make books appeared to him the most desirable if not the greatest thing to do on earth, and the world knows how well in after life he carried out the plan that pleased his childish thought. He labored nearly all his life for the abolition of slavery.

A tablet stands by the old weather-beaten, elm shaded house in which he first saw the light.

Another has been placed on the big stone in front of Charles Dodge's home.

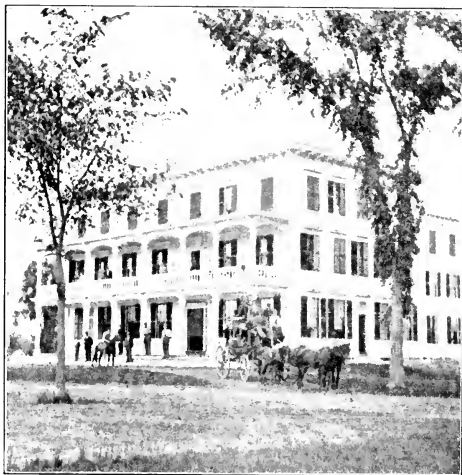


**Horace Greeley Marker.**

From the Nashua Telegraph, Nashua, May 1869:

"The new and elegant hotel, just erected in the village, was formally opened to the public and dedicated to the hospitable uses for which it is designed. The enterprise originated about 2 years ago in a public necessity. Amherst was formerly well supplied with hotel accommodations, and in her palmy days her public houses were as widely and as favorably known as any in the State. But time brought a great change in this respect as in others. The era of railroads stripped the public houses in the town of three-fourths of their importance and patronage. One after another of those remaining in the village disappeared before the torch of the incendiary, and from 1863 to '69 the whole town did not afford any place of public entertainment. The want of a hotel soon became a reproach to the town, which was keenly

felt by the better portion of the community. To compensate for the lack of a place of entertainment several of the citizens made the wayfarer welcome to their firesides and thus the lack of a public house became, in time, a matter of less inconvenience to the travelling public than to the residents of the place. In 1867 several of the more energetic and public spirited men of the village determined to provide a public house. They formed an association and procured from the Legislature a charter for the Amherst Hotel Company. Soon after an organization was effected under the charter, stock was subscribed, a building Com. was appointed and ground broken May 1868. The directors



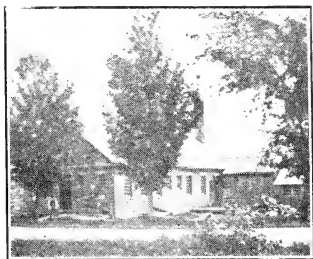
**Amherst Hotel.**

of the enterprise, Messrs. Chas. Richardson, Harrison Eaton, John F. Whiting and Wm. A. Mack, wisely concluded that they would erect a house that would be an ornament to the place and command the patronage of those denizens of the great cities who desire a quiet rural home in summer, and one that is easily accessible. With this view the erection of a summer hotel was unanimously decided upon. When the plan was prepared the details of construction were placed in the hands of Mr. J. F. Whiting, who with the aid of the builder, Mr. James Groves of Wilton, carried them out to the letter.

"The lot for the structure was the site of the Stewart House

on the south side of the Common, and hard by the spot where stood the charred ruins of the old Hardy tavern, better known during the first half of the century as the inn of the "Golden Ball." The hotel was substantially completed on the first of February. The main building has a front to the north, seventy feet in length, and three stories high, and is 36 feet in depth. Running south is a wing thirty by sixty feet, also three stories. Extending the entire length of the front are two piazzas which in the sultry days of August will afford a delightful retreat from heat and sun, and to which will always be added a charm of view that can hardly elsewhere be found," etc.

"No greater contrast of condition could exist than between the school life of what we love to call the "good old times" and that of the far better times of today. Poor, small, and uncomfortable school houses, compared with the present day, scant furnishings, severity of discipline were the accompaniment of those days."



School House—Knights' Mill.

Although the location of the land was chosen upon which to build the school house, it was not built until after the town was incorporated and little attention was paid to other than private instruction until after the Revolutionary War. There were even-  
ing schools about the open fire. One of the first school houses in the village was built upon what is now known as the ball field, and was called the Captain Dana school. The building was later removed and made into a dwelling and stands now upon Boston road, southwest of the blacksmith shop.

Another was built just north of the Town House. This was burned and replaced with a two story structure of good size, painted white with porch and a red steeple, and was an ornament to the town.

It was used first for the Aurean Academy, an institution

which was of much practical benefit to the Town and County. It was instituted in 1700 through the efforts of Hon. Joshua Atherton, and Col. Robert Means, who gave it its name. Here their children and many others from this and the surrounding towns, received an excellent education under accomplished instructors. The exercises of the Aurean were held in the Court house until the new school was built, and this was only used for about a year when the Academy was given up.

The building was used for the public schools until it was decided to sell it and build one in the centre of the town for the two districts so near together. Half of the old building is still standing near Hartshorn's mill and was used for a factory.

The other school house which was given up at the same time was the brick one at the west of the Common. It was sold and made into a saw mill, and later burned.

The fine two-story brick school building which we have now was built in 1854. The home of William Read was removed and the land bought on which to build. The bell was a gift from A. Lawrence. At the opening of the Fall term, Oct. 2nd, 1854, the new building was formally taken possession of by the District. The children of the several schools assembled at the former West school house at 9 A. M., of which they took final leave in the song:

"Tune Auld Lang Syne."  
We come, Old House, to say Farewell,  
Farewell, old friend, to thee;  
For we no more within thy walls,  
As schools shall gathered be.

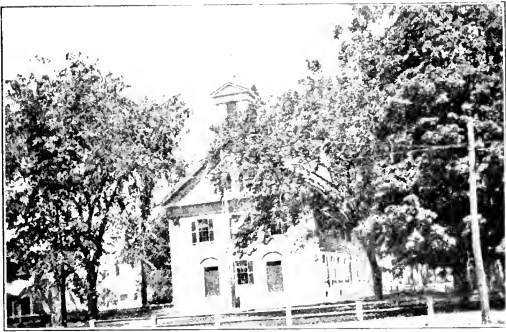
Many a happy day we've spent,  
Old School House, thee within;  
And if in wisdom we've not grown,  
It sure is not thy sin.

Thy old familiar walls awake  
Sweet memories of School,  
And some less sweet, but no less meet,  
Impressed by a rule.

Much good thou'st done within thy day  
Much more we wish thy lot;  
And though today we say, farewell,  
Thou shalt not be forgot.

So now, Old House, we say, Farewell,  
Farewell fore'er to thee;  
And as thou oft has cheered us,  
So parting we'll cheer thee.

After three cheers for the old school house, the several schools were formed in procession, under direction of Capt. Daniel Hartshorn, assisted by their respective teachers, and the members of the superintending committee, and under escort of the Amherst Brass Band, and followed by many of the citizens, marched to and through the new school building, affording to all an opportunity to examine the several rooms. They then marched to the East school house, and forming in a circle, the schools again sang their farewell and gave three cheers. Then there were appropriate exercises in the Hall. An address, which contained many well-timed and valuable suggestions, was made by Rev. J. G. Davis. After music by the band, the by-laws and



**School House.**

plans adopted by the schools were read by Daniel A. Fletcher, clerk of the committee, and remarked upon by Rev. Wm. Clark, Richard Boylston, B. B. David, the teacher, Mr. Lund, and others. After a dedication hymn was sung by the choir and prayer offered by Mr. Davis, Mr. David, with appropriate remarks, delivered the keys to the Superintending Committee which were gracefully received and responded to by their chairman, Perley Dodge.

The schools reformed in procession and marched to their respective rooms in the new building. This building has been added to within the last ten years. Mr. Lawrence left a bequest, the income of which is used for the benefit of the school.

We have read about newspapers being introduced into the schools, at the discretion of the master in Boston in 1784. We know that Horace Greeley learned to read from our local paper.

The early teachers were very fine penmen as a rule. In olden



### THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Organized on Chestnut Hill in 1828, continuing there until 1837, the company then moving its meeting-place to the Plain. In 1844 this building, erected originally by the Unitarians, about 1825, was purchased.

### THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH



### FORMER METHODIST CHURCH

Built in 1840 and used about 40 years, when services were discontinued.





times but one kind of a pen was used, one cut from a goosequill with the feathers left on the handle. The selection and manufacture of these goose quill pens was a matter of considerable care in the beginning, and of constant watchfulness and mending until the pen was worn out. One of the indispensable qualities of a Colonial school master, was that he was a good pen maker and pen mender. It often took the master and helper two hours to make the pens for the schools. Boys were not allowed to make pens in school until they were twelve years old. Each family made their own ink, by dissolving an ink powder, which is done now in our public schools.



The sand box ornamented the desks of all users of the old quill pen. The sand was strewn over the page while the ink was still wet and what did not cling to the page was carefully turned back into the box. It was a black sand, and can still be found along the shores of Lake Champlain and on some of the beaches of Massachusetts. It brings one very close with the people of long ago to read the old letters, one in particular in which the writer asks the hand in marriage of the daughter of the man to whom he is writing, in 1809. The letters were carefully folded, with due regard to the etiquette of letter folding, and plainly and neatly addressed.



**Steeple View Showing Upper Flanders.**

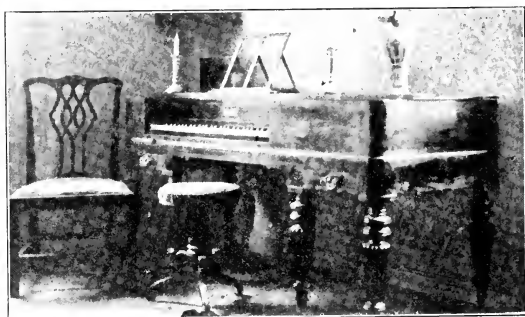
This next item is of much importance and should be known and remembered, though not directly connected with our own schools:

"So determined was Massachusetts to have schools that in 1636, only six years after the settlement of Boston, the General Court, which was composed of representatives from every settlement in the Bay Colony, and which was the same as our House of Representatives today, gave over half the annual income of the entire colony to establishing the school, which two years

later became Harvard College. This event should be remembered. It is distinguished in history as the first time any body of people in any country ever gave, through its representatives, its own money to found a place of education.

The citizens of Amherst have ever manifested commendable spirit in the observance of occasions of public interest. The birth of the Nation was announced by "the rattle of the stirring drum," and other demonstrations of joy of which we have no record.

When the news reached Amherst of the death of Washington, the citizens were summoned together by the Village Messenger, the church was heavily draped, the bell tolled, and a procession



The First Piano in Amherst.

marched to the church, where a dirge was sung and an address made by Rev. J. Barnard. The village paper was printed in mourning for four weeks. Feb. 22nd, 1800, was recommended by the President of the U. S. to be observed as a day of mourning for the death of our beloved President. The citizens of the first parish joined by a few from the second, and a number of the inhabitants of Milford and other towns assembled at Mr. Watson's, to the number of 600, where a procession was formed, marshaled by Messrs. T. Means and J. K. Smith, and moved in the following order to Mr. Whiting's, then down the street to Capt. Prior's, thence by Col. Mean's to the Meeting House; Male children under sixteen years of age preceded by two instructors; D. Campbell and R. Smith, young gentlemen from 16 to 21 years headed by Sergeants Stewart and Emerson in uniform, Clergyman and Speaker, martial music, with drums muffled, tune Roslin Castle, Military Officers, Benevolent Lodge and Masons, Citizens according to age.

Ode sung by Mr. Wm. Abbott, accompanied by instrumental music, Chorus sung by the choir. Rev. J. Barnard made a prayer, and Mr. C. H. Atherton delivered an Eulogy.

The Fourth of July 1810 was celebrated by a procession in which was a ship fully rigged with flowing sails from which salutes were fired. An address followed in the church, reading of Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States, after which they marched to a bower in the field, where they all dined together. July 4th, 1826, a flag was presented to the Lafayette Riflemen.



**Geo. F. Stevens' House and Store.**

1827, Sept. 15th. At this time the "Bloody Fifth" regiment, as it was called, was in its "best feather" and made a fine show under command of Col. Emerson at its muster. A great proportion of the companies were in complete uniform, including Amherst and Merrimaek Rifle Companies, the Dunstable Cadets and Grenadiers, the Milford Cadets, the Light Infantry, the Hollis Grenadiers with the Cavalry and Artillery.

1843. The public sentiment in favor of Temperance at this time was very strong, and such as should bring a blush upon the cheeks of its friends of today. In August the "Cold Water Army" of Amherst visited the "Cold Water Army" of Milford and spent the day in a grove half a mile from the village, the procession reaching nearly the entire distance. Fifteen hun-

dred were present and those being asked to rise who had taken the pledge of total abstinence, nearly the whole company arose.

The centennial of the formation of the Congregational church was duly noticed in 1844 and an historical discourse given by the pastor, Rev. Wm. D. Savage.

Description of the flag raising Sept. 18th, 1856, written by a 14 year old girl to her mother as a composition:

Early in the morning crowds were on the Plain watching for the delegation from the different cities and towns. At half past eleven, the delegation from Manchester arrived, escorted by the Amherst band, who went to meet them. First in the procession was the cavalcade consisting of one hundred horsemen, and then followed a long line of carriages, teams, and coaches.



The Old Corner Store.

The Nashua delegation came next, numbering over 1000 in 150 vehicles. Among them was a large carriage, drawn by six horses containing 32 girls, all dressed in white with wreaths on their heads, and each carrying banners representing the 31 states and Kansas. Their happy countenances beaming with smiles added much to the appearance of the procession. Those girls took tea at our house, and while seated around the table many came in to see them, and a prettier scene never was witnessed.

Before leaving, one of the marshals sent the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the company:

Resolved that the thanks of the "United States" of Nashua be extended to our host for his generous hospitality in open-

ing his home. May his busyfield always yield a rich increase to reward his labors, and his days be long in the midst thereof.

Next came the Mont Vernon delegation. First was a large wagon filled with ladies, carrying a beautiful banner, following was a long line of citizens in carriages and on foot, bearing flags and banners.

The Plain was covered with people, and it seemed as if there was room for no more, when Milford's delegation arrived numbering 2900 people. Foremost in this train was a large wagon, 70 ft. long, 18 ft. wide, and covered with bark, representing the Rocky Mountain Hut, Fremont himself standing in the door dressed in skins. This was drawn by 28 oxen and contained 75 ladies.

The procession measured three miles in length. At 2 o'clock the new flag was thrown to the breeze and was received with



**Steeple View Toward Mont Vernon.**

tremendous cheers. Charles Campbell was chosen President and as the flag was slowly raised he repeated the words of the National Ode

"The star spangled banner, O long may it wave,  
Ore the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Speeches were then made by Mason W. Tappan, Daniel Clark and Charles Campbell.

The meeting broke up at 5 o'clock, and all dispersed to their respective homes, and Amherst looked like Old Amherst once more.

Aug. 16th, 1858 the first message by ocean cable was received, bells were rung and the houses were all illuminated.

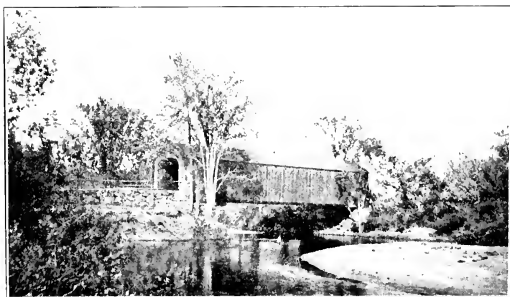
The Centennial of the incorporation of the town occurring Jan. 20th, 1860, the commemoration was postponed till the 30th of May, and that of the first Town Meeting observed at the Town Hall, Feb. 20th, with many reminders of "ye olden time."

The observance of the 30th of May was attended by a large

gathering from far and near. The village residences were decorated, there was a procession, prayer by Rev. Dr. Moore of Milford, Chaplain of the day, address of welcome by Hon. Chas. H. Campbell, President, Reading of the Town Charter, Oration by Horace Greeley of New York, Addresses by Hon. Chas. J. Smith of Mont Vernon and Clinton S. Averill of Milford, Historical Poem by E. D. Boylston, (which has so much of interest in it, we have reprinted it in the back of this volume).

These exercises were followed by dinner at the Town Hall. At the opening of the afternoon exercises a heavy thunder storm put an end to all further proceedings.

On the occasions of the deaths of Presidents Lincoln, Harrison and Garfield, the town had the usual signs of grief and



**Souhegan River and Old Turnpike Bridge.**

mourning, bells were tolled, flags raised at half mast, and public services in the church draped for the observance.

The day Lee surrendered, April 10th, 1865, the town bell and the school house bell were rung from 10 A. M. till 4.30 P. M. May 20th, 1868, Decoration Day was first observed.

The Centennial of American Independence, July 4, 1876, was ushered in by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells.

A public meeting was held in the evening in the Town Hall, where there were appropriate exercises which included the reading of the Declaration of Independence.

The hall was decorated with flags, flowers and mottoes, and the states personified by ladies dressed in white with red and blue sashes.

The celebration of the 150 anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Amherst was held June 17th, 1910

Hon. Aaron M. Wilkins, Chairman.  
 Deceased May 27, 1910.  
 Rev. Charles Ernest White, Secretary.  
 E. C. Hubbard, Treasurer.

## Committee

Percy Odell,	Ernest H. Peaslee,	Enos S. Robinson
Louis Clark	Herbert A. Fuller,	Horace T. Harvell
	Frank A. Holbrook.	

Pres. of the Day, Dr. Geo. H. Wilkins.

The exercises were held in the Congregational church and were very interesting.

"The manners and customs of the first inhabitants, their food, drink, travelling, etc., would doubtless be interesting to their descendants. Coming from the old towns of Massachusetts, the first settlers of Amherst brought with them the customs which prevailed at the time of their emigration. In their dress they were plain and simple. In living, they had few or none of the luxuries of life. Their fare was plain and substantial. They used considerable liquid food, such as milk, broths, pea and bean porridge. Chocolate was sometimes used, and was probably esteemed as one of their greatest luxuries. Coffee was unknown to them; and though tea had been introduced into the country about sixteen years when the town was settled, the first inhabitants had not tasted of it. The first used in the place was sent by some Boston friends to the family of the minister who were unacquainted with the method of preparing it, but concluded it must be boiled in an iron kettle or pot in a manner similar to their boiling their liquid food. They therefore put in a quantity of the exotic herb and having boiled it til they supposed "it was done" they dipped it out and sipped of it, but doubtless found it less palatable than their favorite beverage. Tea had become in considerable use before the Revolutionary War. During this struggle, the drinking of foreign tea was deemed a crime, and many adopted the use of what was called "Liberty tea," as a substitute for the Chinese herb. "It was made of four leaved loose strife." "This plant was pulled up like flax; its stocks, stripped of their leaves, were boiled, and the leaves were put into an iron kettle and basted with the liquor of the stocks. After this process the leaves were removed into platters and placed in the oven to dry. A pound of this tea would go as far as one of Sonchong."

Cider, during the first years, was brought from the old towns. It was a common drink. Wine was a great rarity, and ardent spirits were rather regarded for medicinal purposes than as fit for an article of drink. The latter, however, too soon came into use."

In the house the important place was the kitchen. There was the great fire place, with its iron crane, a long iron arm which

stretched out over the fire and could be swung back and forth; pot hooks were on it, and kettles were hung from these hooks. Still earlier a wooden bar was fastened in the chimney, and kettles hung by chain and hook, but the crane was safer. Starting the fire after building it with the four foot long logs, back log and fore log, was not very easy. Flint and steel were used if the fire did not keep after being buried in the ashes the night before and no neighbor near enough to borrow fire.

The "dutch oven" was the earliest form of a baking utensil. It was a shallow iron kettle with a cover which had a rim to hold hot coals, so when set into the hot ashes, and hot coals on top, whatever was in the kettle would cook.



The "bake-ovens" like small cupboards open at one side, were set up before the fire, and bread and biscuit baked in them.

Brick ovens were built into the chimney besides the fireplace. A fire was built in them and when the brick were well heated, the coals were raked out, the beans, brown bread, chicken pies and cakes were put into the oven, a door of sheet iron put up, the outside door closed, and the good things were left until the housewife thought they were done.

The meats were roasted either hanging by a rope or chain, and kept turning, or in a tin baker with a spit, and handle outside with which to turn it over, so as to roast it evenly. Potatoes



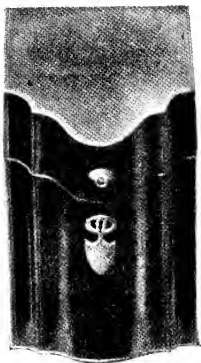
were roasted in the ashes; hoe cake was baked on a board before the open fire.

Strong hooks were fixed into the beams which ran across the top of the room, poles were laid on these, and from them strings of apples and pumpkins were hung to dry for winter pies.

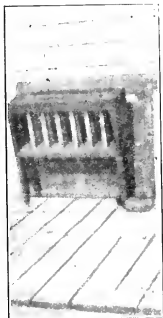
The loggerhead, sometimes called flip dog and hottle, was as much a part of the chimney furniture of an old time New England tavern or farm house, as the bellows or andirons, constantly kept warm in the ashes, to burn a mug of fresh flip.

The bed chambers were icy in the winters and every household had its feather beds, and long handled warming-pan, which was filled with coals and the cover shut down and then drawn back and forth between the sheets to warm the bed before retiring.

Beds and pillows were valuable articles, and even so great a



Colonial Knife Box.



Candle Mould.

man as the Governor of the Colony did not scorn to make a will leaving his daughter a feather bed and bolster.

The long evenings were spent by the men whittling out teeth for rakes, handles for hoes, reels for winding yarn, wooden spoons, trenchers and dishes, tubs, pails, buckets, yokes, flails, snowshoes, skimmers, and handles for axes. The men made brooms sometimes of birch twigs and of hemlock branches. If the children wished for playthings, they made them. If it was a basket, they made it of birchbark and painted it with the juice of berries. They made quills of elder stems to be wound on the little quilling wheel with yarn to use in the shuttle of the loom.

The mothers and sisters were not idle for many things were made in the home of the settler. Flax and wool were spun and woven, dyed and made into clothes, all in one's own house. Stockings, mittens, mufflers, wristlets were knit by hand, straw was braided to sew into hats, soap, butter and cheese were always made at home. Candles were made of the sweet smelling bay berry wax. Of so great importance was this vegetable wax, that in some places the law forbade the gathering of the berries before Sept. 15 under penalty of a fine of fifteen shillings. Before the use of matches light had to be procured from the hot coals, a box of tapers, or strips of paper rolled up being used. The danger of fire was great, and every house was provided with fire buckets which hung in a handy place. The process of making the candles was long and trying, but casting them in moulds was easier than dipping them. The moulds were made either of tin or



**Porringer.**



**Miller Putnam's Lantern.**

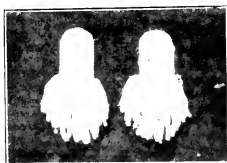
pewter, and would hold from two to twelve candles. Not every family owned a set of moulds but in those pleasant days of village life a mould was passed about from one family to another as needed, just as the spoon mould was passed.

Almost as necessary as the candlesticks themselves were the snuffers and tray to go with them, and it was a much sought privilege of the children of the house to be allowed to use them. They were invented about 1733. Candle sticks of all kinds were considered more elegant than oil lamps. The part of the lamp to hold the oil, which set into the candle stick, was made of glass and brass, so the handsome sticks could still be used. A single candle was enough to spin by, or to sit at rest on the settle and watch the fire crackle on the hearth, indeed this same candle would give light enough to compound a "night cap" of flip, to see when the loggerhead was red hot, and that there were proper proportions of sugar and spice, pumpkin chips, and beer, or whatever other personal touches went into the mixing of this favorite brew.

In the country lanterns were and still are much used. Some of the oldest kinds we find hanging in some of the homes as relics of the past.

Pewter is tin hardened by the addition of copper and antimony, or alloyed with lead, which was used on account of its cheapness. It was this lead which made pewter such a valuable possession in Revolutionary days.

In 1777 Madam Smith, wife of the minister at Sharon, Conn., invited all her friends and neighbors to spend the evening with her, and to bring every pewter article with them which they could spare. Before the evening had passed "several gallons" of good bullets had been cheerfully run through bullet moulds, the good ladies sacrificing, without a pang, their much prized pewter. This destruction of household utensils necessitated the making of others, so there were trencher bees instituted, and held from house to house for many evening. At these the young men of the village whittled and shaped enough trenchers of maple and poplar wood to supply the needs of the household. The women smoothed down the rough edges with broken glass and polished them with a sand made of powdered limestone.



**Levi Jones' Epaulettes Worn in the Revolutionary War.**

A house in the Mohawk Valley had in 1770 a roof of lead; this was ripped off and made into bullets. History is now repeating itself, for we read that in the World War of 1916, metal roofs are being taken and made into ammunition. So also did the lead tablets set into monuments find their way into bullets. On July 9, 1776, the equestrian statue of George III, on Bowling Green, New York City, was pulled down, sent to Connecticut, and moulded, so the story runs, into 48,000 bullets.

There were more articles of pewter than is generally supposed, lamps, plates, platters, tankards, porringers, spoons, pitchers, basins, buckles (shoe and knee), coffee urns, hot water dishes, spectacle cases, salt dishes, candle sticks, snuff boxes, snuffers and trays and children play dishes. If possible they were cast in one piece, if not they were soldered together and finished off.

Pewter lamps were made before 1763, for at that time a flat wicker lamp was invented which gave a superior light to the round wick ones. There was in use a needle set into wood with which to pick up the wick.

Whale oil could be bought as early as 1712. The oil boiled at sea was a pale yellow and quite odorless, high in price, doubtless American made. Camphine (1834) or spirits of turpentine gave a very white light, and was very inflammable. There was not an abundance of petroleum until after 1835, although it had been known from most ancient times. Paraffine oil was used before petroleum as an illuminating fluid.

"The most common conveyance was by horses fitted out with saddles and pillions. Two could ride in this way the same animal, and oftentimes an infant was superadded. A few year before the Revolutionary War, it began to be the practice to trot horses. Previously, these animals had paced. The first or second chaise brought into town was owned by Mr. Benjamin Kendrick, and he rode in it until he was 86 years old. As late as 1810, he journeyed with it to Boston. It presented such an antique appearance that it was often called the "old ark."

## Homes of Amherst

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Not alone the inhabitants of our village come and go, and pass away, but the very dwellings they occupy are alike changing. Some buildings have partially gone while many have changed their location.

The Farmer's Cabinet office was a one-story yellow building, which was moved in 1818 from the Blood place (now Wyman's) where it stood under the big elm. It was in L form 30 feet front south and east, with signs running the whole length. One very curious one is still in the present building. This building was moved in 1833 from back of Mrs. Parson's house when the old one was moved to the jail property, where it was subsequently burned. The receipted bill is as follows:—

"Received of Richard Boylston three hundred dollars in full for a two story building sold him Sept. 1st, 1833, the same building which he now occupies as a printing office and book store. David Underhill."

The dwelling connected with this office was sold by Samuel Foster in Nov. 1815, to the grandfather of its present owner. It had been kept as a tavern by Nathaniel Emerson. In the room at the left of the front door, which was the bar room, can be seen on the floor, the well worn path leading to the bar. The dance hall was in the second story of the ell. Emerson was a cooper by trade and it was to his shop the "Yankee" was first called, October 1809.

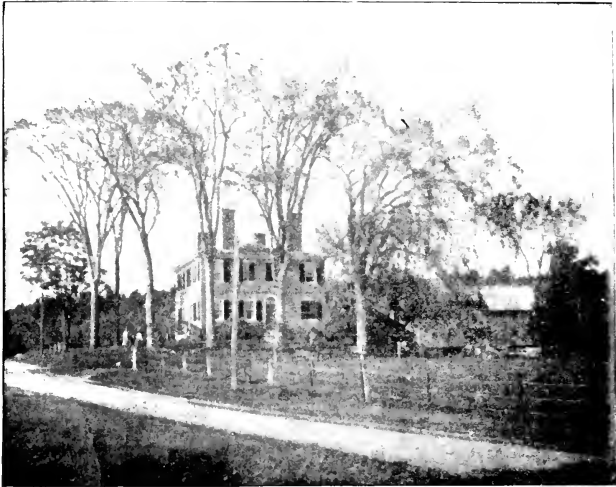
Going north, where is now the Engine house, which was built in 1873, were Ray's long tavern stables and sheds, later Nutt was the owner, in 1827. The house was burned in July 1865, and in two years was replaced with the Stewart house and owned by J. Byron Fay, who gave the land for the engine house and the triangle of land northeast for a play ground for the boys, and it was upon this triangle, in earlier days, that Blanchard's hay scales stood, roofed, into which the load was driven and hoisted by a windlass, when weighed. The large house, on the corner facing this land, was where Andrew Wallace came in April 1824, when he received the appointment of Clerk of the Courts in Hillsborough County.

The next house was the Wakfield's, whose smart girls furnished to ladies, dress, bonnet and curls. Whitney's blacksmith shop stood just north and was burned many years ago. The little schoolhouse, which stood on Busyfield, was moved and oc-

cupied as a dwelling by Simeon Danforth about 1850, comes next. Charles Henry David lived in the cottage beyond and his only child lives in the neighborhood still.

The Samuel Vose house was built about 1845. The little house on the corner was known for many years as the Bacon house.

On the Mont Vernon road, a mile north of the village, is the house in which Rev. Nathan Lord lived, one of the most illustrious men ever called to fill our pulpit. This house was built by Eli Brown, a retired sea captain, who, when it was completed, in-



**The Nathan Lord Homestead.**

vited all his friends to what we should call a house warming, and had a boat shaped carriage to convey them back and forth from the town.

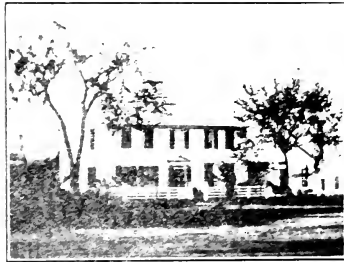
On the west side of the street were the Thompson house and shop, Vaughn's jewelry shop and house. Peter Smith was the first blacksmith to occupy the Osgood shop as we know it. He left Amherst in 1839 and Joel F. Osgood took the business.

The house was occupied by the Deans, then the Osgoods. The Ephraim Blanchard house built about 1830 was purchased by E. D. Boylston in 1848. The Rideout house was a long one-story shop where Mr. Blanchard carried on the cabinet making busi-

ness. More than one piece of furniture made by Mr. Blanchard is in the town.

The Eastman house is now twice its original size and owned by Mr. Hanson. In the rear was the lead pipe shop of Mr. Eastman when Manchester began to be built up. Mr. Eastman was one of a company to furnish the inhabitants with water by means of aqueducts. He also furnished the pumps and pipes for the use of the railroad companies between Lowell and Franklin.

The Robert Reed house, on the corner, had rear and ends of brick, with wooden front and ell. This was burned in 1866, and was replaced seven years later with the Dr. Moore house which was formerly Hobson's bark mill in the garden of the William Clark place, which now is owned by Mr. Butman. It was sold to and moved by Jeremiah Smith in 1798, to near the church. The house is owned by Mrs. Fannie Parsons.



Dr. George Moore House.

Next to the corner is the house where Mrs. Aiken lived, which was built for a screw factory, but was used as a shoe and wheel wright shop. Where now the Congregational church stands, were the horse sheds, and in one of them the "Yankee" was housed. The square lot in front of the sheds was fenced in with only a shoe makers shop on the south side, which later became the tailor shop of Elbridge F. Perkins, who lived in the house east of the church after the church was moved.

To the south the second church (patterned after the north church in Concord) stood for sixty-five years, where two generations had gathered for worship. It was moved to its present location in 1836, the ownership of which comprises one of the strangest church contracts. With the change of status respecting the support of religious institutions in New Hampshire the town disposed of the meeting house by auction to the highest bidder, reserving the steeple, town clock and bell, and part of

the basement, when the building became the property of the Congregational Society. When the building was moved, it was turned half-way round, and then backward from the Common to the site on which it now stands. The galleries were taken down, the floor raised, new windows inserted, and the building so extended as to embrace the porch which sustained the steeple.

The old Read store stood west of the church, a most peculiar shaped building, one of our historians called it the "turbanded" store.

The jail and County house were on the rise of ground to the north. There were several interesting homes near the jail. Mr. Barker, the church builder, who was the jailor for a time, lived near. Lawyer Shattuck's house was built when he was con-



**Mrs. Aiken's Home.**

fined for debt in the jail." Jail limits were established, and the debtor allowed the privilege of going a certain number of feet from the jail."

John Blunt settled in Amherst about 1780, and lived in the same house which his son John occupied later, and now owned by Mrs. Hicks. Elijah Munroe was the one-armed jail keeper for Hillsborough County in 1844. He lived in the "County house," while his son James occupied another house which was burned. On the east corner of Jail Avenue was David Foster's house with James Sloan's store and Elijah Mansur's printing office over it. These with the adjoining house of David Russell have been burned. At the southeast corner of this store, wholly upon the common, stood the old square Court house. It had high wooden steps and hitching posts and was built in 1788. After the erection in 1825, of the brick court house, this building was sold to the Congregational Society, moved away and used by them as a chapel for several years, when it was again sold and



made into a dwelling, which is now owned by W. W. Sloan, on Foundry St.

East of the Old Court House was the mansion of Jedediah K. Smith, with its stoop, its lofty well-sweep its barns and well kept gardens. It was in this house the first court was held in 1771. Before Mr. Smith inherited it, it was an inn. Later it was owned by Eben Lawrence, who moved it to the site on which it now stands, north of the Baptist church. It was bought from Mr. Lawrence by Thomas F. Wilson in 1846. The southern half was owned for many years by the late Dr. John Clark.

Solomon Hutchinson, the first town clerk of Amherst, lived in



**The Old Read Store.**

(The Bonnet.)

a house on the left hand corner as we turn to go down the hill, which was burned. The present dwelling on that corner was, at some time, used as a store, and there was an outside staircase.

The first house on the right was built by Israel Fuller, who lived there, and the house below, which was the one to which the Campbells came on leaving Moderator's hill.

We now enter Upper Flanders, where nearly all the business of the early settlement was done. At the foot of the hill by the bridge, which was farther west than now, stood the old pound, made of stone. On the east side of the road, over the brook, under a very large elm tree, was in 1790 Nathan J. Durant's blacksmith shop. The road to Pond Parish then wound north or this tree. Chickering's bark mill was a little north.

On the east side of the street was the George house, and when the new house was to be built the old one was moved

across the street, where it still stands. It is known by some as the Henschman house. The Henschman house was the Rev. Daniel Wilkins house.

On the west side of the street farther north was Esq. Kendall's fine mansion. It was built near Revolutionary times, the southern half being brought from Cricket Corner, connected with the part already standing, and today upstairs old steps still mark the juncture of the two halves.

The small house near the road was Mr. Kendall's store and it was here that John Farmer came, a trembling lad, to ask for employment. Mr. Kendall's home was always open and many social affairs took place under his roof when the old partition would be rolled up to give space for the dancers.

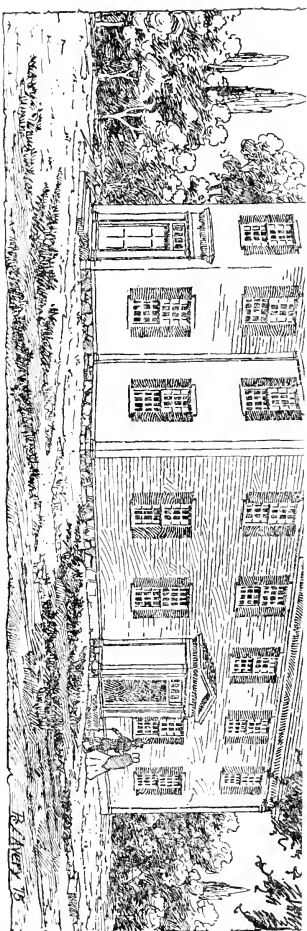
Just beyond was Esq. Brooks' new house, the first one in town to have 9 x 13 glass. Mrs. Brooks and Mrs. Kendall were sisters, and must have welcomed to their homes many times their sister Mrs. Pierce, the mother of the embryo president. This house is supposed to have been built by Cy Converse, the bell ringer. Mr. Brooks taught school in the early days of his sojourn in Amherst, about 1786. He and his wife Abigail Kendrick and their three children lived here early in 1800. A little letter written by whom we do not know, tells of the cordial welcome always given: "Mrs. B., if you will contrive to bring us to your house and carry us back again, it is more than probable we may spend the afternoon with you Feb. 23rd, 1821. Signed D."

The first church stood at the juncture of the roads still farther north. Luther Dana Brooks' store was on the west corner of the road opposite the church. It was moved to the Common about 1820 and stands at the right hand corner of Jail Ave., as a dwelling. Capt. Ephraim Hildreth kept the first tavern in what we know as the Jones place. Easterly at the foot of the hill lived Wm. Low, who painted cloth carpets. He was appointed in 1794 "Saxon" to ring and toll the bell on the Sabbath and other days, take care of the meeting house and sweep it, for doing which he was to have \$15 a year. He was also to dig graves, when applied to, at the expense of the applicant. The first ladies' desk supposed to have been made by Wm. Lowe of Amherst previous to the Revolutionary war is in the Library.

Somewhere in this district lived Dr. Cod, later Codman, to whom we are indebted, it is said, for some of the queer names of our outer districts. The Chickering house is still standing opposite the old Brooks place.

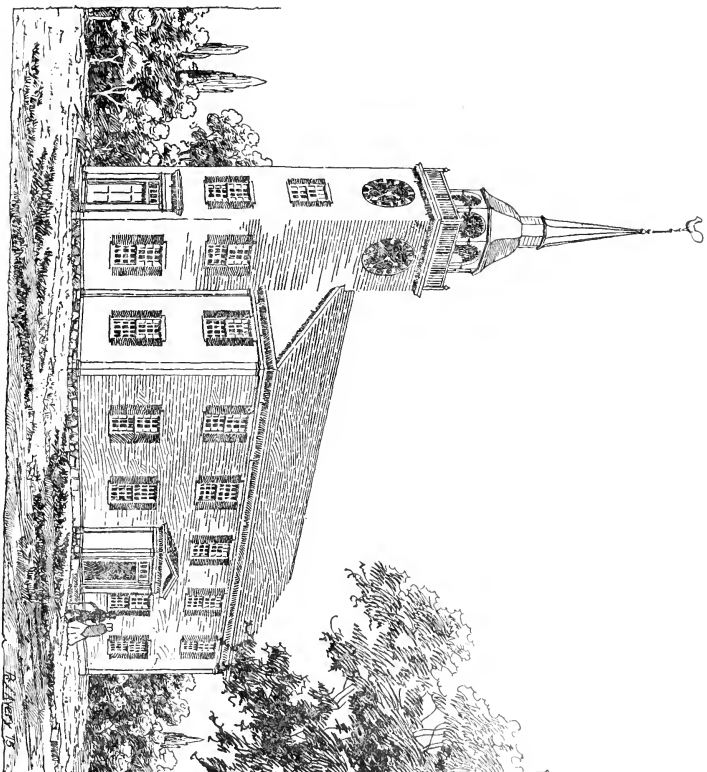
North of R. H. Prince's home was the spot where Rev. Wilkins' house stood, a short distance from his church. In a room in this fortified house was the first store kept by the minister's son John. We can imagine the early settlers going in for their "pennyworth" of snuff or horn of powder.

Near the Wilkins house was the home of Hugh Moore, a



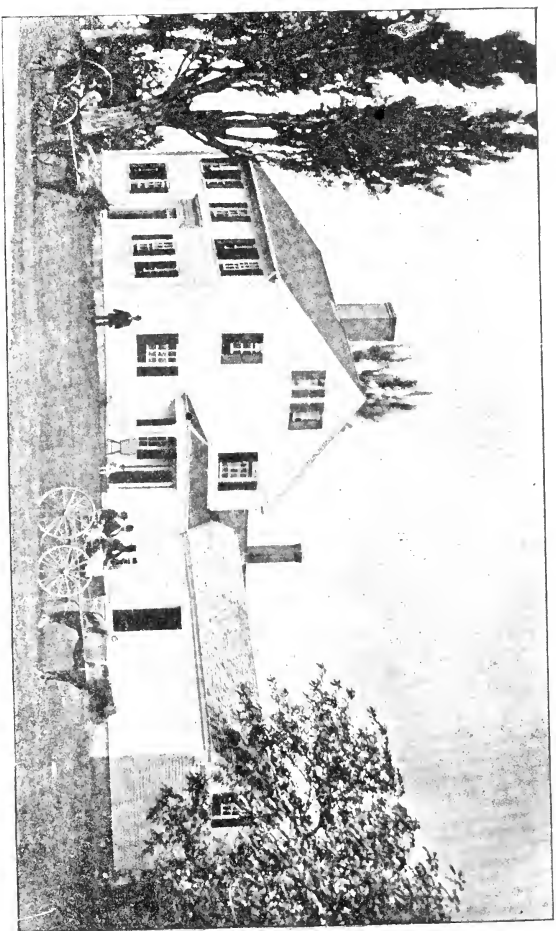
The Second Church.





The Second Church.





Isaac Brooks Dodge Homestead.

quaint old Scotchman, who in turn was a tailor, watch maker and gun smith. He was a man of massive frame, erect, with his cue braided and neatly tied with a pink or blue ribbon (the last one in Amherst to wear a cue). We see him going to church, his violin under one arm, a hickory stick in the other hand. Mr. Moore when sick was once visited by the crippled melodian player. They talked together of the Scotch songs which the old veteran loved, and Major Little played and sang to him. After an hour of enjoyment the visitor took his leave, and as he was closing the door he heard Uncle Hugh muttering to himself, "I swar, I'll pray for him I will."

Leaving Upper Flanders we go south up the hill to the two story schoolhouse, which bounded the northern side of the road to Putnam's mill. Miller Putnam was well known by all the school children, as he often carried a load of them to school, picking them up by the way. His home was a little white house under two large elms, east of the burial ground near the mill. He made a lantern for his use in the mill, shaping the wood to fit the glass. His daughter married Hiram D. Stearns, and Mr. Stearns bought of Ephraim Goss the house which was a garri-son house in the earlier days. The walls of the house are bricked between the clapboards and the interior finish, which was discovered when repairing after a fire.

The little red hearse house stood across the street from the schoolhouse, the brick court house built in 1824 setting well back into the burial ground. Toward the south were the two Means mansions. The left hand one was occupied by David McG. Means. The right hand one was built about 1785 by Robert Means (father of D. McG.) who lived there until he died in 1823. The wide gently sloping stairs of the old house have often felt the footsteps of many of its sons and daughters that were destined to hold high positions in life, and within its staunch walls have been performed many marriages, not the least of which was that of Mr. Means' granddaughter and he who was to become President Franklin Pierce.

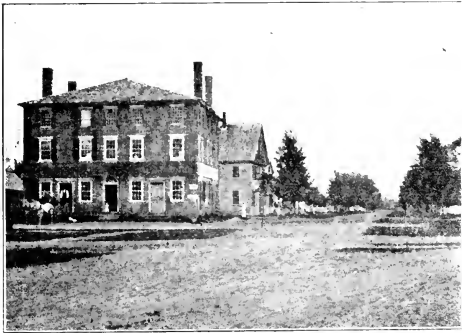
The Means store, the Lawrence store, the Curtis Tavern, later called by many names as owners changed, Fredonia Coffee House, Union Hotel, Inn of the Golden Ball, and the Hardy Tavern, were all destroyed by fire Dec. 3rd, 1863, also Mr. Stewart's barn, which was in the rear of these buildings. The Stewart house was saved and four years later was moved to its present location, the home of F. C. Taylor. The ell of the Stewart house was moved across the street and made into the house in which Gilbert Small lived, now occupied by Fred Stevens. The Lawrence store formerly stood between the present home of the late Mrs. Eveline Hartshorn and W. R. Clark's house and was used as a saddlers shop by Thomas Dickey. The room above was used for a private school. The old corner



store was probably built in 1818 by Mr. Jonathan White, at the same time that he built the house, now owned by C. P. Dodge, the store was occupied by Mr. Benden as a tailor shop and he also lived in part of it. Mr. White married Sally, the daughter of Ephraim Goss. Her mother lived to be 105 years of age and lived in the little house second south from the whip factory on Boston Road. Mr. White's daughter Sarah married for her second husband Person C. Cheney, in 1859, who was elected in 1875, Governor of New Hampshire by the Legislature.

In the west end of the corner store was Thomas Woolson's shop in which the town clock was made, Luther Elliott doing the work.

The house and the store were, in 1832, purchased and occupied by Perley Dodge; part of the store was his law office.



**Cushing's Folly and Whip Shop Beyond.**

David Holmes settled in Amherst before 1801. He built the house which was owned and occupied by the late Mrs. Eveline Hartshorn. Mr. Holmes married Elizabeth, a sister of Mr. J. White. Mr. Holmes and Mr. White were in business together in the brick building in the manufacture of machine cards for carding wool. Also in the building were Shepard's fine grocery, and Mrs. Shepard's fancy goods store, the Herald office and bindery.

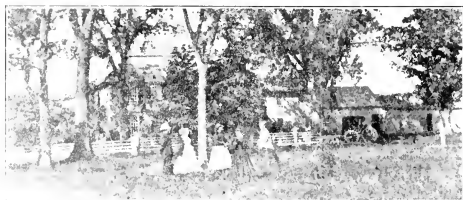
The whip business was begun in Amherst by S. B. Melendy and B. B. David, January 1821. The new shop was fitted up about 1830. Even the whip of good drivers was of regulation size. The rule of perfection was that it should be 5 ft. 1½ in. from butt to holder, and 12 ft. 15 in. long from holder to end of lash."

Judge Parker's house stood on the next corner going west. Later the Moors owned the place, and one of them had a little store just south of the house, which with the barn was partly burned in 1848. What remained of the buildings was later made into dwellings, which are now the homes of Miss Emma L. Clark and Miss Tripp. The Public Library stands in what was Judge Parker's garden.

Thomas M. Dickey's home was next. Mr. Walker bought from Mr. Dickey Nov. 7th, 1845. Mr. Walker had his blacksmith shop just west of his home. The little home occupied by the Bendens has been enlarged and used as a hotel.

The old mill, which has stood for so many years on the site of the old schoolhouse, now goes to the Hardy Tavern lot to be made into a garage. Follansbee, the butcher, lived just south of these buildings.

The Judge Claggett home is still further west, a famous old place built by Samuel Bell in 1808; the bricks of this house were made on the Lord place, on the turnpike, by William and Nathaniel Melendy, and the Chamberlain Bros. of Lyndeboro.

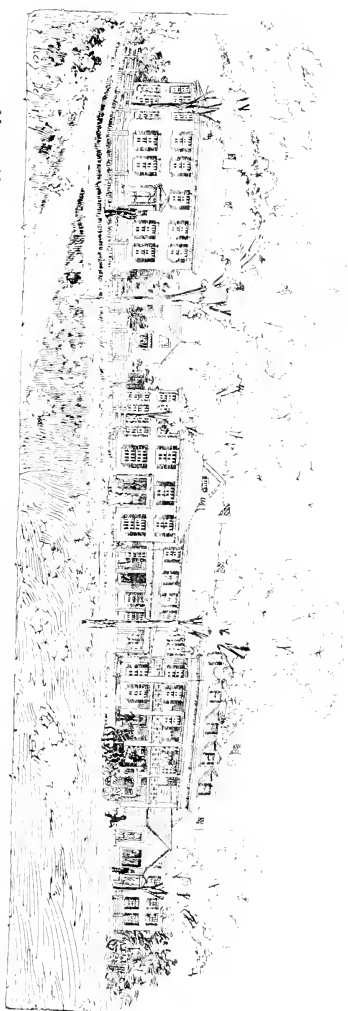


**Rev. Dr. Davis' Home.**

Judge Claggett's many daughters made life very gay, while he, as its master, was a far famed host. The Peabody's came to live in the house until they built just above on the hill, then the Carletons, and well we remember the flat stone walk and big stones in front of the door, then Harrison Eaton changed it all and Mr. Noyes owns it now.

The brick house which has served as the Congregational Society's parsonage was built about 1836 by Nathaniel Wheeler, Langdon Smith doing the brick work. There was none better in his line of work.

The Rebecca Spalding home could tell us many things if it could speak. The northern half was built before the Revolution, by Samuel Stewart, and the trace of the old front door half way down the hall may yet be seen. Its two southern rooms were added by Hon. Judge Dana, and it was in this house that Benevolent Lodge of Masons was instituted 1797. A hall was fitted up



Means House.

Means Store. Lawrence Store. Hardy Tavern. Stewart House.

so many of its meetings were held beneath this roof (the Benevolent Lodge, No. 7, which is now in Milford, 3rd oldest in the state). Samuel Dana was installed Master, Jonathan Gove Senior Warden, and Luther Dana, Junior Warden. The ceremonies on this occasion were novel and imposing, and drew together a large concourse of people. From Judge Dana's address we learn that at the time of Rev. Mr. Wilkins' settlement this town did not contain twenty families; and to the north, not a single family of white people between the Connecticut and Merrimack rivers to the settlement of Canada, except a few on the banks of these rivers. To this house, in 1812, came Dr. Spalding. His house became a social center, and he was distinguished for his integrity and the calmness and self reliance that are the accompaniments of a natural physician. Later this was the home for many years of our beloved pastor, Rev. J. G. Davis, D.D.



**Miss Fletcher's Home.**

In 1828, a cross road was built to the new cemetery, cutting in two parts the flourishing garden which has been between Dr. Spalding's and the French house, and two small houses built. The French house was built about 1800, and later became the home of Rev. Silas Aiken, the fourth pastor of the Congregational church. Rev. William Clark lived here for many years. Part of the ell, which was built to accommodate the private school of Miss Letitia Clark, has been removed by the present owner. Mr. French's sign is still in the house. In 1810 the parishioners of Rev. J. Barnard helped him to frame a house, a very plain one. It was a work of kindness on the part of the people of the parish toward the venerable minister, who was at the time living upon his farm on the east brow of Christian Hill. The Cabinet of June 12, 1810 has the item of local history: "And they have prepared stones and timber to build the house," *I Kings* 5:18.

"Mr. Boylston: It cannot but be pleasing to the friends of

religion and social worship, to view the rapid progress that has been made within so short a time in the preparations for the building of the house of our respected and venerable parson; as it, when finished, will greatly alleviate the difficulties of a strict attendance on the duties of his office, which from his late remoteness from the centre of the town, from his age, and the necessities of personal attention to the pursuits of husbandry for a living, had become irksome and ungenial to the regular and suitable discharge of them. Through his own unwearied exertions and those of a few who have volunteered their services in so laudable a cause, within a few days the cellar has been dug,



**B. B. David Residence.**

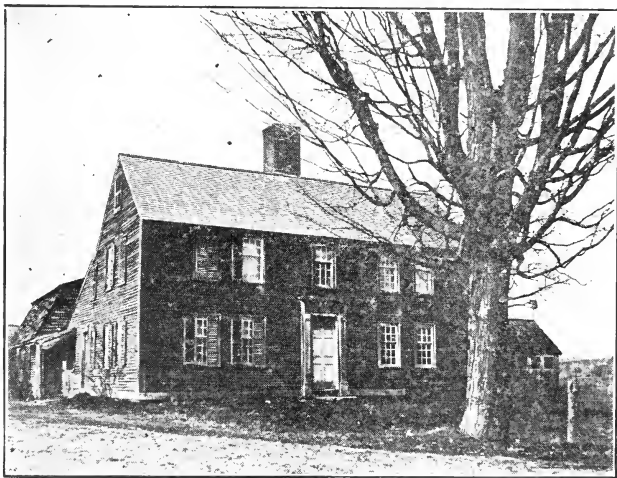
the walls laid, and the timber procured and drawn to the spot ready for framing. As it is wished to have the frame completed ready for raising this week, those who have been so generous as to tender their services in it, are informed that it will be in readiness for them to begin the work this day, and they are requested to attend. All others who may be disposed to further so desirable an object, will be doing well to attend or to send a hand on Wednesday or Thursday.

“As the town has not seen fit to build him a parsonage, and he has undertaken it at his own expense, it behooves everyone who has a regard to the sacred order and a desire to promote the purpose of public social worship, to give every assistance in their power, in the way most convenient to them, to expedite the undertaking and alleviate as far as possible the now com-

plicated task of their respected pastor, and they will ever find ample satisfaction in the reflection that they have accomplished a good work which will be as a monument of peace to each of them in future as a Dutiful Parishioner."

This same house became the home, in 1853, of E. D. Boylston. W. D. Clark is its present owner. Daniel Wheeler's little house stood almost in the same yard, just a drive between.

From an old diary of Sept. 1846: "Amherst people also are somewhat businesslike, Mr. J. Knight's house is done, Mr. H. Eaton's nearly completed, Mrs. Secomb's in progress," which is the one west of the church occupied by Miss S. Stewart. Mr. H.



**The First Frame House**  
(Near First Jail)

Eaton's house is the one now owned by Mrs. Pettengill. Rev. Seneca White bought it of Mr. Eaton when he came to Amherst to live in 1852.

From Bank square going south, we find the home of Miss Fletcher, built in 1824 by Timothy Danforth for Isaac Spaulding, a house of six rooms, in 1854 purchased by Daniel Fletcher, who came to the village from Cricket Corner.

The Nichols home built by Joseph S. Abbott of Concord for Robert Means Jr., is the best built house for miles around. The letter written to Mr. Abbott is so genuine that we copy it: "Hav-

ing this evening finished my house after being in my employ winter and summer, you may feel a desire that I should give you some evidence of the opinion time has given me an opportunity to form of you and your work. I assure you sir, I never sat down to a more pleasant duty. During the eleven months you have been in my employ I have never for a moment been dissatisfied with you. You have never left your work for an hour without my permission cheerfully given and you have uniformly attended early and late. With regard to your work, I am satisfied it is as good as any man can do with the same materials. To sum up all, I would say in one word, you are the best mechanic and most industrious man I ever had in my employ in my life and you will always have the best wishes of your obedient servant and friend,

Amherst, N. H., Sept. 16, 1825.

ROBERT MEANS."



**The Home of Aaron Lawrence.**

The house owned by Mrs. John Dodge, opposite Miss Fletcher's, was built by George Kenson. He came to Amherst in 1830 and bought the Skinner house at the foot of the hill on the road to Upper Flanders. After he built the little brick blacksmith shop on Boston Road, he decided that his home was too far from his work. It was in stage coach days, and he had the care of forty horses. He afterwards moved his family to the farm beyond the cemetery, where Mrs. Franklin Pierce lived before she was married with her widowed mother and family. Her father was President of Bowdoin College.

West of Ray's or Nutt's Tavern there was no house until the old court house was moved there and used for a chapel. Several years later an iron foundry was started and Horace Phelps built most of the houses for the workmen, about 1853.

The first iron foundry owned by Ezra and Thomas Woolson was in the garden of the Melendy house. They also made sheet iron stoves and tin work in the third story of the old brick. The Woolsons also erected an iron foundry near their dwelling, about two miles west of the village. Three generations were at the same time in business, in 1841, and here was cast the first cook stove in this vicinity.

The little shop which stood on the corner of what is now the school yard was occupied by many different people, as a shop, office or dwelling. It was moved in 1855 and one of our townsmen now living helped with his oxen to move it to where it stands, as Mr. Shaffer's house.

Where the schoolhouse stands was the home of William Read, owned by Mr. Stewart, which was bought by the town and moved to Middle St., just back of what was the Stewart property. Mr.



**The Prior House.**

Read's barn stood where the chapel annex does now and a cider mill back of it.

The Congregational chapel was built in 1858 by Messrs. Jotham Hartshorn and sons, and dedicated Jan. 20, 1859. The fund was raised by subscription.

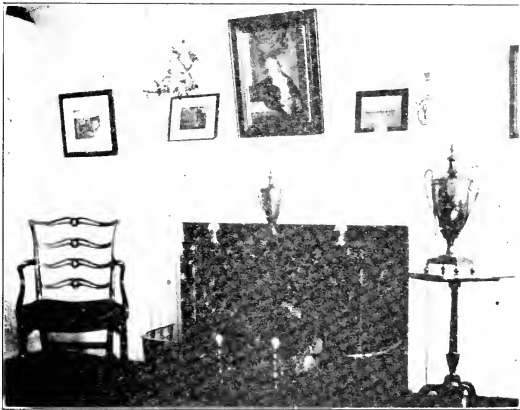
Capt. Daniel Hartshorn built the Aaron Lawrence home. The Bank building (now the Congregational Society's parsonage) was built in 1806 by the Hillsborough Bank and used by them as long as it existed and used by the Farmers' Bank from 1825-43.

On Court House Road was the square law office of Mr. Atherton, and the house bought by Capt. Prior in 1799, when he was weary of a seafaring life, where he kept a grocery store and served as first postmaster for five years. He was a twine maker on his father-in-law's Woodbury's farm. The building was moved later to make the ell part of his house.



The little house, which stood so many years just north of the home of Henry Parker, was built by Andrew Leavitt. He learned his trade of Dea. Barker, the church builder. A younger brother or nephew Hiram built the Parker house, and in the south east corner room Dr. Edward Aiken first saw the light of day in 1830.

The Chas. H. Atherton place was to the southeast. The house was built by Mr. Gordon (who married Frances Atherton, Charles' sister). It was large, square and white, standing back from the road, with a handsome tall fence about the yard, the gate receding. The long walk from the south door was lined with flowers. The arbor was furnished with seats. We



**Capt. Prior, First Postmaster of Amherst.**

can see it so vividly, we wish a picture had been taken of it. It was the scene of many gaities. We hear of many whist parties that were holden there, and invitations and acceptances written over a century ago are still in existence.

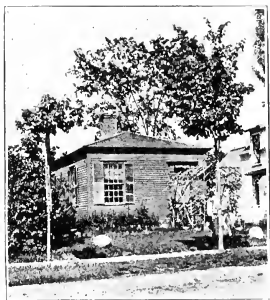
The little house in which we have spent so many happy hours with Mrs. John A. Junkins and her children was built for the servants at the Atherton mansion. The Stearns house we have mentioned. About a mile south, down the turnpike, we find the house which Joshua Atherton, father of Charles, bought of Major Robert Read in 1773. We have spoken of this in the jail section. Mr. Atherton was the great grandfather of Mrs. Rebecca Spalding. He numbered among his classmates at Harvard, Elbridge Gerry, Jeremy Belknap, and others.

Nearby, the Melendy place, where the first William settled in 1761, and married a sister of Samuel Lampson, one of our two first settlers, and where four successive generations have since lived. This house was at one time kept as an Inn by Charles Eastman, who died in 1836. The room on the southwest corner was the bar room, and the bar was a cage like enclosure like the one in the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, Mass. The rooms overhead were the dance hall with full length folding doors between them. The present owner still has the doors and bar, but they have been taken out of the house.

Returning to the village—The Methodist chapel was built in 1839, enlarged later.

The Baptist church was built by the Unitarians between 1834 and 1838.

Francis Kendall Boutelle built his cottage house about 1850.



**Atherton's Law Office.**

After his sister Almira died in '58, he moved the little shop so his mother could have her loom to work on.

Walter L. Stiles built the house south of the Baptist church. It is of more recent date.

The other houses in the neighborhood were built by James Lovejoy and Timothy Jones and Low.

Up in the northern part of the town, on what used to be called "Moderator's Hill," is the Secomb place. Here in 1762 came John Secomb. He was a busy, hard working man and was called the "best moderator." Daniel Campbell came to live here in 1761. He was a surveyor, and knew every bit of Souhegan West and the King's Highway. His wife was a worthy pattern of the women of those days. She spun her own flax, made her own cloth, then rode horseback to Salem Village to sell it, and with the proceeds paid the mortgage on her husband's farm.

Down the road at the top of the hill was the Mack place which used to be the Roby farm.

"How many things must have happened in these old houses of which we know so little, for though some of the old walls seem eloquent with the past, yet they are silent. There were births, there were deaths, there were marriages. Sometimes these ancient mansions were bright with the soft radiance of waxen candles, while groups of bygone beauties and gentlemen

with powdered wigs and knickerbockers, gathered round the hospitable tea table, but the tea parties were only luxuries.



Rev. J. Barnard House.

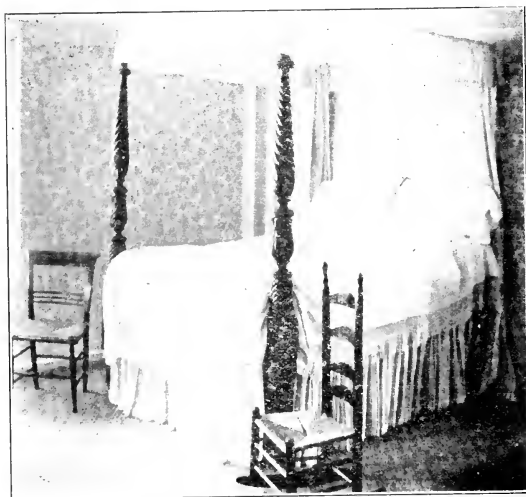
(Present Residence of Wm. D. Clark.)

"Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

"For the most part, ceaseless industry might be said to characterize life in Amherst. We do not often appreciate how great a debt we owe to the pioneers. The Puritan forefathers of New England, by toil and hardships, laid the foundations of the civilization we now enjoy. What is true of New England is true of each state, shire, and township."



The Home of Nathan Kendall.



A Four Poster, 1800.

# Jeffery Amherst.

(By Warren Upham.)

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Towns in Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Nova Scotia, were named in honor of General Jeffery Amherst, the commander and hero of the second siege and capture of Louisburg. That great fortress and stronghold of the French, built at immense cost for defense of their settlements in Canada, was on Cape Breton Island, at the entrance to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence. It was first besieged and captured in 1745 by an expedition from New England, a most remarkable military exploit; but it had been surrendered again to the French three years afterward in the terms of a treaty of peace. A few years later began the Seven Years War, during which Amherst captured Louisburg in 1758, Wolfe took Quebec, defeating Montcalm, in 1759, and Amherst took Montreal in 1760. Thus Canada, first explored and settled by the French, fell to the ownership of Great Britain, as ceded in the peace treaty of 1763. France also ceded to Spain in the same treaty her other great North American possession, the vast territory then called Louisiana, west of the Mississippi river, which forty years later Napoleon sold to the United States. After sending the earliest explorers and settlers of large regions of this continent, France by the war ending in 1763 lost all her North American colonies.

Jeffery Amherst was born at Riverhead, a village of the parish of Sevenoaks in the County of Kent, England, on January 29, 1717. He was the second son in a large family, of whom three other brothers and one sister grew up. His father and grandfather were lawyers, and the Duke of Dorset was a near neighbor. Through the Duke's influence, young Jeffery at the age of eighteen years was appointed an ensign in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, receiving a commission similar to that of a second lieutenant today. Having served in the army twenty-three years, partly in England and partly in Germany, rising meantime to the rank of colonel, Amherst was commissioned in the spring of 1758 by the British premier, William Pitt, as major general to lead in the English campaigns against the French in America. With what success these campaigns were crowned, we have already seen, being indeed complete victory and conquest of the great French provinces of Canada. Of the martial qualities of Jeffery Amherst which led to that result,

Parkman wrote: "He was energetic and resolute, somewhat cautious and slow, but with a bulldog tenacity of grip." Another writer has added: "Amherst had the best fighting qualities of his race and nation, and was withal sagacious, far-sighted, and eminently humane in his policy of dealing with men."

From the writer last quoted, in the History of Amherst, Mass., we may further note the sudden rise of the victorious general to the highest plaudits and gratitude of his countrymen. "Louisburg was duly surrendered July 26, 1758, with all its stores and munitions of war, together with the whole island of Cape Breton and also the Isle of St. Jean or Prince Edward Island. All the outlying coast-posessions of France in this region were thus cut off at one blow. It was a signal victory. Throughout the English colonies men thanked God and took courage. England went wild with joy. The flags captured at Louisburg were carried in triumph through the streets of London, and were placed as trophies in the cathedral of St. Paul. In recognition of his distinguished services General Amherst was made Commander-in-Chief of the King's forces in America, and his name was honored throughout the English-speaking world."

Describing the public acclaim two years later, when Montreal had fallen and with it all Canada, the same author says: "The present generation is in danger of forgetting who Amherst was, and what he did to make our forefathers rejoice in his name for our town. They knew the reason for their rejoicing. The pulpits of New England resounded with Amherst's praises. The pastor of the Old South Church in Boston said to his congregation: 'We behold His Majesty's victorious troops treading upon the high places of the enemy, their last fortress delivered up, and their whole country surrendered to the King of Great Britain in the person of his General, the intrepid, the serene, the successful Amherst.' In like manner all the churches of Massachusetts observed a day of Thanksgiving. Parliament gave the victorious Commander-in-Chief a vote of thanks."

In 1761 Amherst received from the King the honor of knighthood. In November, 1763, after the end of the wars, he gladly returned to England, to reside near the ancestral home in Kent. Succeeding to its ownership on account of the death of his elder brother, Sir Jeffery replaced the former home by a more stately mansion, which he named "Montreal." On a slightly point of the estate an obelisk monument was erected and still stands, which, to quote from its inscription, commemorates "the providential and happy meeting of three brothers, on this their ancestral ground, on the 25th of January, 1764, after six years' glorious war, in which the three were successfully engaged in various climes, seasons, and services." These brothers were Jeffery, John, and William Amherst. The monument, a shaft about thirty-five feet high, is dedicated to William Pitt, and bears upon

two of its faces lists of the battles leading to the conquest of Canada in which Sir Jeffery figured.

During the winter of 1758-59, which Amherst spent in New York, he had been quite homesick. A letter that he wrote back to England tells of a friend's expected return there, on which he commented: "'Tis the place that everybody here thinks of going to. I do not, as long as the war lasts; when that is over—which I promise you I will do all I can to finish in a right way—I will then rather hold a plough at Riverhead, than take here all that can be given to me."

A portrait of Jeffery Amherst, painted in 1765 by Sir Joshua Reynolds, hangs in the home of the present Lord Amherst. It represents the general as watching the passage of his troops in boats down the rapids of the St. Lawrence river, on their way to Montreal in 1760. The photographic copy of this portrait forms the frontispiece of "The History of the Town of Amherst, Mass." (1896), and also of the recently published book by Lawrence Shaw Mayo, entitled "Jeffery Amherst, a Biography" (1916), which is in our public library.

From 1778 to 1782, during the greater part of our Revolutionary War, Amherst was the commander-in-chief of all the British forces in England, and throughout that war he was the most trusted military adviser of the English government; but he had firmly declined the request of the king, George III, in January, 1775, to take personal command in America. In 1776 he was granted a peerage, with the title Baron Amherst, being thenceforward a member of the House of Lords.

He died at his home, "Montreal," August 3, 1797, at the ripe age of eighty years, and was buried in the family vault in Sevenoaks church. Mayo, in his Biography, writes: "In England his name is associated with those of William Pitt and George III, and although no sculptured marble preserves his likeness and memory in abbey or public square, Canada, the flower of the British empire, sweeping from the fertile valley of the St. Lawrence to the towering summits of the Rockies, will ever remain a splendid and inspiring monument to the energy and ability of Jeffery Amherst."

It can be truly said, to the honor of General Amherst, that he always treated the vanquished with a kind and generous spirit, and very notably so after his victories at Louisburg and Montreal. From such humane conduct, Great Britain has received remarkable loyalty of both the French and the English in Canada.

As he had no children, his title and estate were left to his nephew, William Pitt Amherst, then twenty-four years old, who later became governor general of India and was made an earl in 1826 for his good services in that part of the empire.

# Boyhood Remembrances of Amherst

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By Warren Upham.)

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Standing in the great display room and ticket office of one of the railways which cross the west half of our continent, from St. Paul, Minnesota, to the Pacific coast, and seeing its many pictures, glass transparencies from photographs, of broad grain fields, mountain parks with glaciers, and the well laden fruit orchards in valleys near the coast, I have recently heard again in my mind and heart the call of my youth, the wish, looking into the future, to go forth and toil and reap in the harvest. But my life is mainly past, and it is now more fittingly my happiness to look back, to think over again the scenes and pursuits of my boyhood, the school and college days, and the years "when I was young." Often now memory brings back those good and even rich early years; though in fact many roguish pranks to vex my first school teacher, and lack of the wealth represented by money, are among my first recollections.

In a cosy red farmhouse on the Thornton's Ferry road, two miles distant from the village, which we called "Amherst Plain," my eyes first saw the light. That was in the early spring of 1850. Amherst memories of my childhood and youth therefore belong to the years 1855 to 1867; for from the age of seventeen to twenty-one my life was mostly at "classic Dartmouth's college halls," in Hanover, about one hundred miles north of "good old Amherst." Later my home during several years, with my mother and sister Lizzie, was in Nashua; and after 1879 Minnesota has included my work and home, excepting nearly eight years, from 1885 to 1893, in West Somerville, Mass.

Impressions from geography and geology began very early to mould my childish thoughts, to lay probably the beginning of a foundation for my work in later years on Surveys of New Hampshire, Minnesota, and the United States and Canada. Our brook, flowing through my father's farm, was never dignified with a name; but it is ever present in my first memories, and in those of a few years later is Fisk's (and afterward York's) mill-pond, through which this brook flows. There my fishline drew out, on rainy days and in summer evenings, many good meals of the little catfishes which we called "horned pouts."



From our own brook, having frequent wide and darkly deep places, yet elsewhere so small that in many spots I could jump across it, my older brothers and I caught pickerel, chubs, suckers, and other kinds of fish, by the hook, or oftener by a wire slip-noose; and in sunny days, or in evenings by the light of pitch pine knots burning in a jack, which one of us held out over the brook, we spread those unwary fish, sometimes getting enough in an hour or two to supply our home and the neighbors.

In the more distant Souhegan river, about a mile and a half south of us, and especially in Baboosic pond, some two miles northeast, we were accustomed to fish when a holiday permitted. Also on many summer evenings, or during a rainy half-day, we fished in a hired boat on Baboosic, or from a huge boulder on its shore where deep water adjoined the side of the great rock.

A wide view of the greater part of the town, and of the more distant mountains to the north and west, all comprised, however, within the limits of the county, was obtained on our way to the village, from the bend and descent of the road just before passing the house of Newton Lowe. This point is about a mile southeast of the village, which lies spread out in full view. Often on the cool Sunday mornings of the spring or of the late autumn, when in going to church we came to that place of far outlook, we saw the Peterborough mountains at the west white with snow, though only rain had fallen on all other parts of our landscape. On the north and nearer in this outlook are the precipitous south front of Joe English hill, in New Boston, and the twin Uncanoonuck mountains in Goffstown.

Near to us, within the limits of Amherst, are the beautiful Walnut hill, Chestnut hill, farthest north, Straddlepole, and Wilkins hill southwest of the village, named from its comprising a part of the farm of Colonel Thomas Wilkins. In Mont Vernon, originally a part of Amherst, we look up to a broad highland tract, its village being about 350 feet above ours; but one of its rounded elevations, named Prospect hill, rises somewhat higher.

Like many other students in the Appleton Academy of Mont Vernon which later received a different name, I remember with much pleasure a term spent there, and a long walk west to a wonderful rock gorge called "Purgatory." A similar gorge and grotesque rock cliffs in the northeast edge of Amherst, named "The Pulpit," near the birthplace of Horace Greeley, filled us with astonishment and awe when a company of our young people visited it for a Fourth of July picnic.

Mica schist, gneiss (pronounced as "nice"), and granite, formed in the most ancient geologic ages, are the bed-rocks of Amherst. Over nearly all our area these foundation rocks are covered by the glacial drift, mixed boulders, gravel, sand, and clay; or along the larger brooks and the Souhegan river the

surface is modified drift, being sand and gravel assorted and laid down in nearly level layers by water action. The several low hills on our farm, where I coasted in the winter, abundantly strewn with boulders, are marginal moraine hills, as they would be termed by geologists. Such drift hills and small ridges, heaped along the edge of the great continental ice-sheet, here representing a short halt or readvance in its time of final melting, are traced far across our northern states, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Rocky mountains. Possibly this moraine in Amherst may some day be shown to be apparently continuous to the Leaf hills or the Mesabi range in Minnesota. While the Amherst bed-rocks are of vast age, immensely older than the Allegheny mountains and the coal in Pennsylvania, the glacial and modified drift formations are geologically quite recent, for the Ice Age was immediately followed by the present historic period.

Among the teachers whom I well remember in our District No. 3, "Cricket Corner," were Maria Caldwell, Sophia E. Phelps, L. Augusta Bruce of Mont Vernon, Martha Wilder of Peterborough, and Vrylena L. Shattuck of Jaffrey. Though I have mentioned the childish depravity of my earliest school terms, it was no later than the somewhat mature age of seven years when that waywardness or stupidity ceased, and it was a genuine conversion. Ever afterward I tried in all ways to please the teacher, whom I thenceforward always revered and loved.

Some of my schoolmates are yet living, in Amherst and Nashua and elsewhere, and I feel that they are very near friends. One is Gustavus G. Fletcher, though many years a merchant in Chattanooga, Tenn.; another is Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury, of Boston, Mass.

It was my task during several winters to build the fire each morning in the schoolhouse, coming usually a full hour before the other scholars. For this service the ashes of the good oak and maple wood, and perhaps a dollar added, were my pay.

In my earliest childhood and for several years later, our schoolhouse was red; but before the Civil War (if my memory is correct) this building, in which my father fifty years previously had attended school, was mainly rebuilt, the admirable frame of old-growth pine being saved. Then it was painted white, being also supplied, as I think, with green window-blinds.

The sport that I most vividly remember was skating on the "Big Meadow," near the school, when a flood stage of the Souhegan had overflowed it and ensuing cold had frozen smooth ice, often thick enough to bear many skaters. Then at noon, and in the evenings with a bonfire on the ice, we vied with each other in skill and speed. Occasionally some of the men of the neighborhood, even elderly and revered men, as Captain George Washington Fletcher, buckled on their old skates, and showed us youngsters how to "cut a figure 8." At some other times we

went for an evening's skating on Stearns pond, more than a mile southeast of the school.

Every summer from the age of eight to twelve or fourteen years, I was entrusted twice a week or oftener with the horse and wagon and a market load of the farm produce, as peas, string beans, sweet corn, squashes, cucumbers, butter, eggs, currants, apples, plums, etc., and especially all the wild berries in their seasons, as strawberries, blueberries, huckleberries, blackberries, raspberries, and cranberries, which we children and our mother picked. These berries, excepting only the cranberries, grew plentifully in our pastures or on tracts from which timber had been cut. Rising with earliest dawn, I used to drive ten miles to Nashua, arriving there about eight o'clock or earlier, as soon as people would be through with their breakfast. Two or three hours sufficed to peddle all the load, going from door to door along many streets. Then the horse was fed with oats brought from home, and the return journey took me back commonly by noon or one o'clock, in good season for an afternoon's work in the hayfield or in other farm duties.

In 1861, when the Civil War came on, it was remarkable how quickly all the gold and silver coin disappeared from circulation. For a short time we relied on postage stamps as small change, but soon the fractional United States currency of little 10, 25 and 50 cent bills came into general use. Prices at the same time advanced, and the farmers marveled to receive fifty cents a pound for butter, being about twice as high as ever before, with most other prices, for everything to be sold or to be bought, increasing in a similar proportion.

One change from the days of my youth in Amherst, one sight and subject that I knew well, which nevermore will be seen in all the earth, consisted in the abundance of wild pigeons, a species then plentiful throughout our northern states and continuing so as late as the year 1870, but which now is quite surely extinct. Their flocks, as I once saw them flying past our farm, reached two or three miles in length, flying abreast and in successive rows, with a noise of their wings like a mighty wind. Each summer during probably forty or fifty years my father and my three brothers caught many in nets, at "pigeon stands" of partially trimmed trees with poles nailed on them, these birds being there baited with corn and buckwheat. After many pigeons had become accustomed to eat daily at the "feeding place," a large net was sprung instantly over them at their repast. They were then usually taken in lath boxes to a pen in the barn, where they were fed liberally and ate freely and soon fattened, although in confinement. Such "stall-fed" pigeons, when killed and dressed, having their feathers picked and being tied in threes, commanded usually a price of \$3 or more per dozen in the Boston market. Thither the Wilton, Lowell and Boston railroad took them with-

in a half day from the dark morning when they were taken off from their perches, previous to the coming of daylight, for this end.

As a small boy in 1856, I well remember the presidential campaign of Fremont and Dayton against the successful candidates, Buchanan and Breckinridge, the last named being represented in the Republican rallies as a "broken bridge." On May 30, 1860, I saw and heard Greeley at the great Amherst Centennial celebration. In the autumn of that year, attending a "Wide Awake" torchlight parade in Milford, I saw a transparency portrait of Abraham Lincoln carried along in the procession, with the words, "The Man for the Crisis." How little could we foresee the greatness of the man and the greatness of the crisis!

The four years of the terrible Civil War were filled with anxieties, bereavements, griefs, and self-denials, which were a part of my education more indelible than the lessons learned from books.

In April 1865, I can never forget the place and the time when one of the neighbors, riding past our home, brought from the village the awful news that Lincoln was assassinated. Nor can I ever forget the general and profound sorrow of the next Sunday at the church, and the tears with which Deacon Edward D. Boylston spoke of Lincoln in the Sunday school hour.

# **HISTORICAL POEM**

# FRAGRANT MEMORIES

## OR

### The Dead of a Hundred Years

1760-1860

A recall of the Dead of the First Century of the Town of Amherst, N. H., read at the Centennial, May 30, 1860

BY

EDWARD D. BOYLSTON

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And now to the task of calling Death's roll—  
Our list is a long one, but far from whole.  
With the dead of the pulpit 'twill be pleasing to all  
To commence this long and strange roll-call.

The first hither called the Word to proclaim,  
Was from Middleton—Daniel Wilkins by name;  
A man of fine mind, who, from a free heart,  
For a little pay did much truth impart.  
Compelled for support to wield ax and pen,  
He humbled the forests as well as the men.  
But for him "Narragansett Number Three,"  
Through fear of the foe would have ceased to be.  
His house, a garrison, where watch was kept  
In turn by the settlers, while th' others slept.  
In "Upper Flanders" it stood—stands there still—  
The old Henchman house, east side of the hill.  
When the Sabbath came he would shoulder his gun,  
And bear it to Church, as did then every one.  
There armed he stood, his charge well to keep.,  
With charge for the foe, and charge for the sheep.  
His glasses, which sole-leather bows did grace,  
Were kept by a string securely in place;  
But the eyes that peered those glasses through  
Glistened with a zeal for the Master true;  
And their owner was dearly beloved by all  
Who came up to worship, or shared his call.  
A strange sight now such a pastor as that,

With breeches, long stockings and three-cornered hat,  
And his Bible, psalm book, powder-horn, gun,—  
From such affrighted our children would run  
When time had so weakened his powers of mind  
That memory failed him the ritual to find,  
The old settlers as one did agree  
That no one could marry as well as he;  
So still they sought him, and when he forgot  
A promter would aid him in tying the knot!  
His ministry lasted through forty-two years,  
And they laid hi nto rest with many warm tears;  
While the town erected a monument meet  
O'er him whose memory was so sweet;  
And cheerfully granted, the rest of her life,  
Annuity to his most excellent wife.

When Pastor Wilkins had become too old  
Longer the good Word of Life to unfold,  
The Town and the Church, with much harmony,  
Asked one Blydenburgh his colleague to be;  
With salary of one hundred pounds  
If he would settle within their bounds.  
But, for reason we may never know,  
He gave them for an answer—"No."  
They next invited one Edmund Foster,  
A worthy man, to become their pastor;  
But he went to Littleton; and in '79  
The Town and Church sought to combine,  
And after a long struggle, full of ire,  
From Bolton called one Jeremiah—  
(A prophet true, but of lesser fame  
Than Hilkiah's son.)—Barnard by name.  
His settlement to be in pounds nine score,  
His annual salary eighty-four  
Until the war should be over, and then  
The annual pounds to be increased ten.  
A man of good talent and ardent mind,  
Religion and patriotism he combined;  
Though sometimes, if records are honest and true,  
His politics came too plainly to view,  
And his sermons and prayers Sabbath days  
Were little too much in partizan ways.  
For this he was once severely reproved  
By the parish in which as pastor he moved,  
And requested when going to say his prayers  
To leave his party at the foot of the stairs!  
In doctrine he of Armenius savored,  
And under his teaching good many wavered.

He owned a nice farm on top Christian Hill,  
 And tilled his land, his flock feed with skill.  
 He served as pastor half century and more,  
 And went to his rest at five and fourscore.

In seventeen eighty, the Northwest Parish  
 John Bruce as pastor elected to cherish.  
 He served them years one score and four,  
 And ceased his toil at twelve two score.  
 In his youth as "good Mr. Bruce" 'he was known,  
 That goodness through all his ministry shone.  
 One cold Sabbath morn, as his fond people came  
 To hear him the way to Heaven proclaim,  
 Death, cold as the morn, as he went on his search,  
 Took "good Mr. Bruce" to a much higher Church.

Nor should we pass one "to the manor born,"  
 The young pastor of Gloucester, Levi Hartshorn,  
 A servant of God beloved and well-read,  
 Who came home to die, and sleeps with our dead.  
 All said that "the godly man ceaseth" when  
 They laid him to rest at one score and ten.

With the dead of the pulpit I linger no more,  
 But call the dead of the long pew before.  
 The early Deacons to us were unknown,  
 But tenderly loved by those who are gone:  
 Cochrane, and Badwin, and Wilkins, Boutell,  
 Hobbs, of whom we have some t hings to tell,  
 Lovejoy, Barker, first Seaton and Elliott,  
 To know was to love and never forget.  
 Deacons Seaton and Elliot of later days  
 Were elders worthy of all praise;  
 Nor less so Deacons Hartshorn, Downe,  
 And Parker, worthy a jeweled crown.  
 Such dust as this we love to guard,  
 It is richly redolent of reward,  
 And sweet it will be from where it lies  
 To hear our summons to arise.

And now, th' archer who loves a shining mark,  
 Is stealing around, as in the dark,  
 For other two elders, who long have stood  
 With those departed, as true and good:  
 Spaulding, physician of body and soul,  
 With us today, but fast nearing the goal;  
 And Eastman, modest, Christly one,  
 Whose sands of life are well nigh run.



Pardon the sin, if sin it is,  
 To speak in rhyme of a deacon's pliz.  
 I do as you may do by me  
 When I am gone, to speak thus free  
 Of a worthy one, whose nasal part  
 Was capacious as his loving heart.  
 Surely I need not ask leave to repeat  
 What happened one when in their seat  
 The recusant choir failed to bear  
 Their part, just after the morning prayer:  
 Good Deacon S—— arose in his place,  
 Regardful of duty rather than grace,  
 And cried out in a voice sonorous and free,  
 "Let us all rise and sing Barby!"  
 And from his nasal trumpet came  
 A sound that put the choir to shame.  
 Congregational music thus installed  
 Is now in vogue all over the world.

Of these first settlers one called must be  
 Who largely honored old "Number Three."  
 Humphrey Hobbs, a Deacon, and Captain too,  
 For praying and fighting was equally true.  
 As tradition has it, one Sabbath morn  
 Indians were lurking about in the corn,  
 Thinking that the settlers would fear to fight  
 On the Sabbath, as 'twould not be right!  
 But the Deacon rallied the men of "old Three,"  
 And quickly the "red skins" had to flee.  
 Some of the Indians fell in the strife,  
 But not one of the settlers lost his life.  
 Ever after the Indian used to say:  
 "Deacon Hobbs no good, he fight Sabba' day!"

The dead of the pews 'twere hopeless to name  
 Except the men of exceptional fame.  
 Time only permits to speak of a few  
 Of these in our grave-yards, old and new,  
 Or, peacefully sleeping their last, long sleep,  
 In other enclosures, or in the deep,  
 Or, fighting their Country's battles fell,  
 Of whose sepulture no monuments tell.

Where sleep the men who were the first to see  
 The dangers and toils of old "Number Three?"  
 Where repose the mothers, so worthy and true,  
 Who shared trials and dangers not a few?  
 For oft we have heard the elder Campbell relate  
 How his worthy, good wife did once berate,

And with much peril and pluck, I trow,  
Drive off a bear that was fighting the sow!

Where sleep the men who early went forth  
Scouting for foes, who lurked west and north?  
And the trusty men that with brave Goffe went  
Canada-wards, on its conquest intent?  
Or the noble company that for Lexington  
Left in the night when the first blood did run?  
The true men who for that war volunteered,  
And at Charlestown, Rh. Island and N. Y. appeared,  
Or, at Bennington, under Bradford and Nichols,  
Where brave men fell as grain before sickles?  
Ah! stern men they were, and men very brave,  
And well now they fill a patriot's grave.  
Men who far sooner than forfeit the right  
Would venture their lives in the deadly fight.  
Their proud declaration, ne'er dishonored, survives,  
Pledging their fortunes, their honors and lives,  
Firm by each other undaunted to stand,  
And drive the enemy from the land!  
Captain Baldwin leads, and proved his word  
When Colonel at New York in battle he rode.  
Then follow Moses Nichols, of Bennington fame,  
Josiah Crosby, a most worthy name,  
Who led our brave band to Bunker's height,  
And shared with them its bloody fight—  
Of whom was brave Kendall, who used to go  
By the honored title of "Bunker Joe,"  
And used to say, when his powder was gone  
He asked a red-coat to fill up his horn!  
Peter Robinson, too, who his right arm gave  
His pledged promise and his land to save.  
What a proud roll that! two hundred and one!  
Well done, old Amherst, well done! well done!  
Of the men thus pledged well nigh two score  
Shouldered the musket and marched to the war!  
Save old Londonderry, no town in the State  
Of voters enrolled proportion as great.  
Rh, where are ye sleeping, ye honored and brave?  
O, where? for we would cherish each grave:  
But if from our knowledge a kind Heaven keep,  
The spot where in death these brave soldiers sleep,  
May it grant to us, to posterity too,  
The mantles of sires so noble and true.  
Where is Colonel Crooker and the men he enrolled  
In '12 and '13? Most the grave doth enfold.  
Where are the men of "Old East" and "Old West,"

And "Lafayette Rifles, the "Bloody Fifth's best,  
 The gaily dressed "troopers" who prancingly rode  
 And oft on the Plain their gleaming swords showed,  
 And the men of the big artillery,  
 Colonel Jones and his aids—where they? where he?  
 Ah, most of these soldiers have met that foe  
 From whom unconquered no soldier can go.  
 Their battles all fought, their training all o'er,  
 They have passed on to that peaceful shore  
 Where wars and rumors of wars are unknown,  
 And there in love they "go marching on."

With those who have lived in the service of law  
 Mortals love not close encounter to draw,  
 But old Father Time, with his scythe and spade,  
 Even of a lawyer is never afraid!  
 From the ranks of the law on Death's roll appear  
 Many bright jewels gathered here:  
 Athertons—Joshua, Charles H., Charles G.,  
 Attornies, civilians, a brilliant three,  
 Parsons, Dana, Gordon and Everett,  
 In the crotchets of law a fine quartette,—  
 The last, the lad the first to declaim  
 Those words of wond'rous, world-wide fame:  
 "You'd scarce expect one of my age  
 "To speak in public on the stage."  
 Robert Means, son of Robert, of Bowdoin degree,  
 A more polished son not often you see.  
 He built a fine house where the Davids reside,  
 But with knotty law-cases was not long tried,  
 To Lowell he went, and his life there spent,  
 And his record is with its chief industry blent,  
 Smith and Clagget robes of ermine wore,  
 And brief Congressional honors bore.  
 Elisha F. Wallace was somewhat skilled;  
 Andrew Wallace, long the Clerk's seat filled;  
 And, long-time before him, Frederick French  
 Kept the records and papers of the bench,  
 Edmund Parker was Justice personified,  
 Beloved he lived, more than honored he died.  
 These lawyers all, at Heaven's stern command,  
 By "habeas corpus," Death brought to a stand—  
 He has the body—but only "in trust"—  
 Heaven holds a sure "mortgage of their dust!"  
 Further the century's dead to review,  
 Let us call of its Teachers an honored few,  
 Who was the first one? I cannot tell,  
 Though all would like to know it well.

Unknowing first teachers or their rules,  
 We may first say a word of our first schools.  
 Long before school-house the town could afford  
 The ubiquitous school-master "was abroad."  
 Each family on the town fund might draw  
 At a fixed rate, school purposes for;  
 And it was the settlers' highest pride  
 To see, gathered around some fireside,  
 The children and youth of the neighborhood,  
 Taking lessons by the light of pitch-pine wood.  
 Esquires Campbell, Secomb, Ellinwood, Brooks  
 Taught many a bright boy, who had no books,  
 In these night schools, (perhaps did some flog)  
 Where blazed the fire with hugh back-log.  
 Besides those named who early taught here  
 Some true home-names on our records appear:  
 Fisk, Fletcher, Fuller, Kimball and Barnes,  
 Melendy, Underwood, Barron and Stearns.  
 And in days less remote names none forget:  
 Chickering, Kendall, Stewart, Smith, Clagget,—  
 With Stephen Holmes and William Appleton,  
 Whose courses, so brilliant, so quickly run,—  
 And quaint Eben Weston, the teacher who wrote  
 A poem historic, which I might well quote,  
 For he a faithful portraiture drew  
 Of all the parents his school-district knew,  
 And other fine teachers, not Amherst-born,  
 Gathered laurels here our tale to adorn:  
 Amherst's only Academy—the Aurean—  
 With Appleton its short life began.  
 Bowdoin's President, who such honor gained,  
 Whose family long after with us remained.  
 Then followed Walker, Staniford, Moore, .  
 And with Cole the Aurean closed its door.  
 It came to a premature end, we are told,  
 Medical diagnosis—"a want of gold!"  
 At west of the town, Dodge—David and Asa—  
 Were accomplished teachers for their day.  
 A very fine penman, David made  
 Fine penmanship his professional trade,  
 And copies he sent for those he thus served,  
 For their beauty and grace, are still preserved.  
 At Charlestown (Bay State) he long was Town Clerk,  
 And its records show some excellent work  
 Abel F. Hildreth, of Derry renown,  
 Erst kept in the old Court House of the town.  
 Thither an embryo President went—  
 Young Frank Pierce—on wisdom bent,

And, reciting his "Amo, amas, amat,"  
 Glanced at the girls with the glint of a cat!  
 But teacher worthy our highest honor  
 Is our town-historian, the late John Farmer.  
 He needs no towering stone to tell  
 His life's-work, done so nobly well!  
 And yet there are due him from town and State  
 Honors that are shown to the good and great.  
 And can we forget Ann Orr in our search,  
 Name more than fragrant with the "oil of birch?"  
 Or, one-handed, heartless John Bennett, who  
 Gave us, corporally, more than our due!  
 Nor stutt'ring Wallace, long pride of the Plain,  
 Worthy lawyer Shattuck's daughter to gain;  
 Gifted Jonas Merriam, our school-days' delight,  
 Devoted to study to the loss of his sight;  
 Or, Edward Humphrey, of honored name,  
 Who from another Amherst came;  
 Misses Wheat, and Clark and H. A. Train—  
 When shall we look on their like again?  
 Noble the work, indeed, these teachers wrought  
 For the town they served and the pupils taught!  
 Where, where are these fond teachers? Gone, all gone  
 Where truants and torments are nevermore known,  
 Save here and there one who stand on the shore  
 Awaiting the boatman to take them o'er.

Next on the list we beg leave to name  
 The dead of Esculapian fame.  
 Among the first who with saddle-bags rode  
 Pills, powders dispersing, was Doctor Cod.  
 Not liking the name, with him they began  
 To add to the Cod what made it Codman.  
 A curious medicine-man was he,  
 Dispensing than powders his fun more free.  
 When called, he first took a dram, then a bed  
 Till the fuddle was a little out of his head,  
 Then viewed his patient, a prescription made,  
 And closed his visit with a joke or trade.  
 Once returning, an inquisitive student asked  
 Of his patient's disease the cause and caste,  
 "Eating eggs, sir," he answered. "But what tells?"  
 "Why call it eggs always when seeing the shells!"  
 The Doctor abroad, an order was sent,  
 And the inquisitive student quickly went,  
 And returning, the Doctor desired to be  
 Informed of the sick man he went out to see.  
 "He's swallowed a colt," was the cool return—

"Swallowed a colt! but how did you learn?"  
 "Why call it cold always," he retortingly said,  
 "When saddle and bridle are under the bed!"  
 To this unique Dr. Cod has been ascribed the fame  
 Our out-town districts so oddly to name:  
 "Straddle-Pole,"—"Cricket Corner" below—  
 "Upper Flanders," and old-time "Skinner's Row,"  
 Where all the one-coated men, it is said,  
 A poor man's life contentedly led.

Then there was Seth Ames—brother of Fisher—  
 Of very fine mind, of all a well-wisher,  
 Brilliant and skillful, but strangely enough,  
 His "post mortem" shew the trouble was—Snuff!

Moses Nichols, from Reading, was a worthy M. D.,  
 And a wide and long practice here had he,  
 The same who at Bennington proved his skill  
 With pills and powder intended to kill!  
 His son Moses, to, M. D. signed his name,  
 And, sire-like, had professional fame.  
 To Sherbrook went this young medical Moses,  
 And there his dust in much honor reposes.  
 Nathaniel Henschman, of Lynn, an M. D.,  
 Came hither to practice in year '83,  
 In 1800 dying, he left a son,  
 Who, the degree of his father, also, won.  
 Feeble, he went South, but soon came home,  
 At thirty-two to tenant the cold tomb.  
 Dr. Samuel Curtis we knew in our youth—  
 A man of much skill, large wisdom, and truth,  
 And his most worthy, last-wedded wife,  
 With his thirteen children, departed this life.  
 He was the most unique, comical M. D.  
 To us it was ever given to see.  
 Not deeply to the medical profession wed,  
 Sometimes he dispensed physic, and sometimes bread;  
 Sometimes made soap, and oft dabbled in law;  
 Smoked bacon, in brick, with an iron door;  
 And as postmaster served for most of the towns  
 Within Hillsborough County's present bounds:  
 And more than this, to the State, for eight years,  
 He gave the first Register that in it appears.  
 A worthy degree from Harvard he bore,  
 Skilled Surgeon in the Seventy-six war,  
 And, during the latter years of his life,  
 A pension blessed him and his excellent wife,  
 John Muzzey,—Reuben's son, Reuben D.'s father,

An M. D. of much skill, was in practice here  
 Eight years, and in 1800 removed  
 To Peterborough, and there as here he proved  
 A gentleman of unblemished mien,  
 In whom ever the Christ was clearly seen.  
 Rogers Smith, in the Northwest Parish born,  
 For four years rode as physician in town.  
 He left us in eighteen hundred and eight,  
 Dying at Weston, in the Green Mountain State.  
 In no wise more honored was he than to be  
 Sire of that scholar,—Rev. Asa D.  
 These physicians, so true with powder and pill,  
 The "last sickness" 'took, in spite of their skill.

Of Printers who their last "impressions" have made,,  
 And whose cold "forms" in their cold "beds" were laid,  
 It will not take long the brief roll to call,  
 But time would fail to tell their good "points" all.  
 Coverly first, with his Gazette, appears,  
 Then Bigelow and Sam Cushing, with Messengers,  
 Then Joseph Cushing came with his Cabinet,  
 (Which your humble servant is printing yet.)  
 Richard Boylston in The Cabinet sat early, long,  
 And earnestly hoped his years to prolong,  
 For he ardently longed for this day's light,  
 But went to his resting without the sight.  
 Mansur and his Telegraph next appear,  
 And Wells & Seaton Herald the rear.  
 From the Telegraph came the brilliant Hugh Moore,  
 Whose brilliancy faded at twenty-four.  
 Would we could just turn the dial hand's back  
 And see the fine author of "Old Winter \*\* alack."  
 And from the Herald, George Kendall went  
 To the Picayune, and to it his sunny-side lent.  
 These printers their "impressions" true all made,  
 And now, their "forms" are all well "laid;"  
 "Locked up" by Death, they sleep, our pride,  
 "Proved," "revised," and, we trust, "justified."

Of Traders whose traffic forever is o'er,  
 And who the last time have "shut up the store,"  
 We pass not a few, they come up by scores,  
 Claiming a naming, from Death's damp doors.  
 Pastor Wilkins' son John was the first who made  
 Here selling goods a professional trade.  
 The stores in those days were not as stores now,—  
 One room in a dwelling-house, packed any how!  
 Few were the articles kept in them to sell,

And one small apartment sufficed very well.  
 His was in his father's south-west corner room, ,  
 With everything called for, from pipe to peeled broom!  
 Captain Dana asked leave a store to build,  
 In '85, west-side of the "Training Field."  
 (Is this the secret of the Read Store of old  
 Standing so markedly "out in the cold?")  
 He then sold goods, as his honor, bright,  
 In the old house removed by Jonathan Knight.  
 Robert Clark, Josh. Cleaves both stores did attend  
 "At the Second New Hampshire Turnpike's end."  
 One Cutler traded in Upper Flanders,  
 Till, frightened renegade, he cuts and wanders.  
 Nathan Kendall, too, kept there a full store,  
 Well known and honored the whole region o'er.  
 One day at his counter a tow-haired boy  
 From Merrimack, called to ask for employ,  
 And that modest lad in his growth became  
 The John Farmer of wide historic fame.  
 Later, Luther D. Brooks—D. for Dana—  
 Had a store above, near where the highway  
 Makes a sharp turn as travellers then went  
 To Mont Vernon, or for northern towns bent.  
 He after, this store removed to the Plain,  
 Where, by Brooks & Brown, it was opened again.  
 Robert Means, the elder, from Ireland came,  
 And won in trade an enviable name.  
 At first his goods, in a pack, to the door  
 Of the scattered settlers, in hand, he bore;  
 And when here, from Londonderry, he came,  
 He brought to his store a very wide fame.  
 David MGregore, true "chip of that block,"  
 Succeeded, as well, to his father's stock.  
 And here in trade, widely-known, many years  
 In the firm Spalding & Means or alone appears,  
 Successful and cherished, as was his sire,  
 Until by death he was called up higher.  
 Reads—Robert, William and Robert his son,  
 Were heredit traders our people among.  
 Noble men, who did much to gain for the town  
 Its thrift, popularity, and wide renown.  
 Read & Spalding's sign long stood o'er the door  
 Of the old hut capped, square "Read Store."  
 Both these men went to "The Village" below,  
 Which now by their aid, as a city we know.  
 But, earlier traders than some of those named:  
 Whiting, Farewell, Robert Fletcher, were famed,  
 And Captain Brown, (Eli) once so cruel



As to challenge young Boyston to fight a duel,  
 Failing, less honorable satisfaction he sought,  
 But far the worst of the club-duel caught!  
 Further and later, 'twill suffice to recall  
 Prior, the Shepards, Sloan and Small.  
 (Prior was Post-master and kept his store  
 By Atherton's law office, south one door.  
 And twine made, and large orders received,  
 At the farm where the late George Gardner lived.)  
 Miss Sally Low and the smart Wakefield girls  
 Furnished to ladies dress, bonnets and curls.  
 With Aiken, Eb: Lawrence, Underhill, John Moor,  
 Blanchard and Boylston,—the rest we pass o'er.  
 Five stores and five taverns once kept open bars.  
 With tempting array of decanters and jars!  
 Those were the days of "free rum," sure.  
 But what they sold was the "Simon pure!"

We are not joking in making a boast  
 That of Landlords Amherst has had a host.  
 Taverns in time old were two miles apart—  
 At each you must call, and drink ere you start!  
 Of the early landlords who fame here won  
 Are Whiting, Snow, Crooker and Morrison,  
 Smith, Emerson, Curtis—and south of the place  
 French, Adams, Lund, Eaton, Rhoads and Mace—  
 Langdell, Whitcomb, Lawrence, and later far  
 The Nutts—all passed on to the accounting Bar.

Fragrant the memory of landlords Curtis and Ray—  
 Would they were caterers for us today.  
 Dr. Curtis in breeches of leather I see,  
 With ruff, and buckles on shoe and on knee;  
 And a leather pocket, for snuff, by his side,  
 From which his longings were often supplied.  
 Esquire Ray was always sweet, neat and trim  
 As that choice little rose we call prim—  
 With his powdered hair, and his well-kept cue,  
 His long dressing-gown, and his welcome true,  
 And house, stables and yards, all as a pin neat.  
 As hostelry it ever ranked—complete!  
 Of Hammond his son, and Hannah, his mare,  
 'Twould be pleasant to speak—but I forbear.

Jolly sight was seen on a Winter's night  
 Around those bar-room fires, blazing so bright  
 They needed or cared for no other light;  
 Wide-circling the rousing fire would set

A company one seeing would never forget.  
 But time today will not suffice me to tell  
 The stories and fun they passed round so well,  
 Or, how the red-hot pokered mug of flip  
 Was oft passed around for the mutual sip.

To put the first last, is sometimes allowed,  
 And so we must deal with this hostelry crowd.  
 Hildreth kept house where the Joneses reside,  
 The first Town Church and its Court House beside;  
 And he, or something he kept at his place,  
 Had a wonderfully harmonizing grace.  
 For, when at town-meeting they disagreed,  
 An adjournment, "to Hildreth's west room made  
 For half an hour," worked like a charm,  
 And it seldom failed to quiet the storm!  
 And, in Court-time, by watering the Jury  
 He marvelously helped that to agree!

Of those who have sought to make of us men  
 By cutting our clothes to the best of their ken,  
 Tuck and Lane, long ago, close fits would give,  
 And so would Monsieur Peter Deceive.  
 Of this "tailleur" we know but this more  
 That he said he once drummed in Bonaparte's corps.  
 In base-drumming he made a great display,  
 And the Company that had him on Muster-day  
 Would always carry the crowd away.  
 Thomas M. Benden, an Old-Country man,  
 Was fond of good living, his kennel and span.  
 And Scotch Hugh Moore was a pattern true  
 Of Tailor, Watlmaker, and Gunsmith too.

Of painters who have laid their last coat on,  
 And gone where glossing isn't ever done,  
 Were Nichols, Curtis, Low and Leavitt,  
 For those early days, an artistic set.

Of Joiners already joined to the dead  
 Barker, Thomas and Emerson take the head,  
 With Andrew Leavitt, the first who made  
 The slatted house-blinds, with their grateful shade;  
 And right good men, of excellent skill,  
 Were Morrison, Elliotts, Coburn and Hill,  
 And we must not pass musical Tom Hartshorn,  
 Who in love with a fiddle was doubtless born.  
 He used to play at Church and at balls,  
 And for dancing-parties had lots of calls.

He worked on the meeting-house in '78,  
 And oft played at dances until quite late.  
 One night, thus late, on the way to his home,  
 He heard the wolves around him roam;  
 And, finding that they were upon his track,  
 He mounted a rock, for fear of the pack.  
 The hungry rascals yell round it and yearn,  
 And poor Tom, he don't know which way to turn!  
 Whichever way looking, their glare he sees,  
 And they prowl around among the big trees.  
 But a lucky thought—"music has a charm  
 Savage breasts, perhaps savage beasts, to calm!  
 Grown brave with the thought, Tom tips his fiddle,  
 And, to his best, gives them Yankee Doodle!  
 As on the red-coats before, it worked to a charm,  
 And safe, tho' well frightened, he reached his home.

Of all who ever waxed-end drew,  
 Oll Warner made the best-fitting shoe.  
 One would be deemed almost out of his wits  
 To go to a dance without one of his fits.  
 Wiley, Porter, Kendrick, Melendy, Melvin,  
 Were excellent workmen, excellent men.  
 But, of all worthy Crispans, none ranked higher  
 Than that prince of jokers, Converse (Josiah).  
 Wherever, whenever he came around  
 Laughter and mirth were sure to abound;  
 And, e'en to this day, we oft tell o'er  
 The jokes he cracked in the old Read store.

"Hobson's choice" was first—choice of one man—  
 For our people who had green hides to tan.  
 Hobson had his vats and ground up his bark  
 Where at present resides good Minister Clark.  
 That mill was removed, and its heavy frame  
 The Smith house—now Dr. Moore's—became.  
 The Chickerings—Isaac, father and son,—  
 Were honest, prompt men, and had great run.  
 Both were Jacksonians, true as could be,  
 And the boys knew the elder as "Old Hickory."  
 He puts down large lots of hides in his vats,  
 And snared swarms of wild pigeons in his nets.  
 Isaac, the younger, would close account take  
 Of coin in his pocket his invoice to make!  
 And for his Cabinet always called to pay  
 Ere taking his breakfast, on New Year's day!  
 A neighbor, between their house and the mill,  
 Joseph George, used some vats to fill.

In days ago, no more to return,  
 When towns all around with jealousy burn,  
 And, for business and thrift of old Amherst yearn—  
 In the palmy days of the Turnpike fair,  
 With its toll-gates, and keepers ever there,  
 And latter days of the "New Road" to Weare—  
 Four daily, twelve-passenger, six-horse Coaches,  
 Here, up and down, made pleasant approaches,  
 Foretold by the notes of the winding horn,  
 Cheerfully ahead on the breezes borne.  
 Old Wheat was first, of whom we will speak:  
 He drove to Boston, and back the same week!  
 Once, fording the swollen Souhegan, his team  
 Was carried away and lost in the stream.  
 A monstrous long nose his phiz did adorn—  
 They said "he blew it, instead of a horn!"  
 From Amherst to Concord this crack whip went,  
 And there for a living hoop-poles bent,  
 And thus wittily his business advertised,  
 Showing how truly printer's ink he prized:  
     "Here are barrels made, and barrels sold;  
     "He makes the new and mends the old;  
     "And, when his work it tight and neat,  
     "He brands his name—Joseph Wheat."  
 This Wheat at Charlestown next is known  
 In a Malt-house—and then Cried for the town!  
 Then there was Butman—his horn I hear  
 Away down by Eph. Franch's, shrill and clear;  
 And, quick as thought, six horses, strong,  
 Like soldiers appear, to take him along;  
 And, the villagers haste to the Coach, to greet—  
 Friends they are expecting there to meet—  
 As now to the Railroad station we hie,  
 To welcome friends, or, to say, "good bye."  
 Other stagemen can only be named,  
 Though not less worthy, not less famed:  
 Who James Newell knew, or William Laurence,  
 Train, (whose team ran like the mountain torrents,)  
 Dutton, Stevens, Lovejoy, or Sam Vose,  
 Will ere their memory divorce?  
 Or, would not now enjoy a ride,  
 Upon the big box, such whips beside?

Foster, Lancaster, Runnels, Underhill,  
 Made true wheels, and a true-bent thill.

Watson, Crosby, Dickey, made saddle, trunk, trace,  
 An English nobleman's turn-out would grace.

Of the men of the anvil and the sledge,  
 I know not who received the pledge  
 Thrice made to the anvil that first blest  
 The unshod cattle of "Souhegan West."  
 Cummings shod horses on Meeting-house hill;  
 Durant and Crosby, by the bark-mill;  
 Whitney, up by the first scales for hay,,  
 Where they swung the load, to learn what it weigh.  
 Danforth and Gardner were also known  
 As honest forgers (!) at south of the town.

John Bridge, perhaps, and John Fuller, sure,  
 Made lots of mahogany furniture.  
 The Blanchards also, fine furniture made,  
 And coffins, to order, for the dead;  
 And William Low would build a chair,  
 With seat of wood, straw, cloth or hair,  
 Which for a hundred years would wear.

Foster, Woodward, Woolson, and Moore,  
 Had a Watch hung o'er their door.  
 Woolson, the ingenious man who made  
 Our true town clock, with Luther Elliot's aid.

Bricks, from their kilns, in heavy loads,  
 Were often borne by Brown and Rhodes;  
 And jugs and mugs were made of clay  
 By Tolman and one Potter Ray.

Kimballs, Blunt and Mace were Hatters;  
 And Danforth, Brown, and Blood, Stone-cutters.

Of Auctioneers, in the days of old,  
 James Roby at large gatherings sold,  
 And never of business had a lack,  
 (He lived on the farm now owned by Mack.)  
 Turner Crooker knew well each "crook and turn,"  
 And Mace, with his mace, had nothing to learn.  
 Thomas Kearney was of Scotch-Irish descent,  
 And with his brogue his wit well blent.  
 He lived in Pond Parish, just where you make  
 A sharp turn east, as you near the Lake.  
 He rode everywhere, sold everything,  
 From toble-Damask to finger-ring.  
 At fairs and musters his brogue and fun  
 Secured for his goods a very large run;  
 Wherever he called, the matron's broom dropped,  
 And the work all over the house was stopped;  
 And ere he had left, matron, maiden and maid  
 Had with genial Tom Kearney made a trade.

The Jenses—Peter and Levi—father and son—  
 Butcher-carts, with meats, in our boyhood run.  
 The father was lean, and the son quite fat,  
 But meet men, and enterprising, "for a' that;"  
 And on their high farm, up north of the town,  
 (As now at P. W.'s blood-stock was shown.  
 Once, as Levi was driving South with a load,  
 He found the Souhegan high over the road;  
 And the neighbors cautioned him not to ford,  
 But he "knew better!" and scorned their word.  
 Riding in till the water was up to his heels,  
 He's divorced from his horse and the little wheels!  
 And his scorned advisers, looking on, greet  
 The Colonel safe-anchored, with plenty to eat!  
 But, his prospects quite bad, a boat was sought,  
 And butcher and meat ashore were brought.  
 On the way, these rogues dropped from the boat  
 A fat leg of beef, to see if 'twould float!  
 Intending at low water to take it hence,  
 And on it feast, at the butcher's expense.  
 But not in that light did he see it, quite,  
 And they had to "go in," and bring it to light!  
 For they were more worthy, in his belief,  
 To take a cold duck than his leg of beef!  
 Didymus Parsons—"requiescat pace"—  
 Though on the fat "sus" thou had'st no mercy!

Rust, up in "Flanders," and Goss, on "the Plain,"  
 Baked bread of which women did ne'er complain—  
 But neither will ever "heat up" again.

Weston was Mason, true man as e'er wrought,  
 And true in his calling, as e'er cried, "Mort!"

Not a Broker's sign here ever appeared  
 Till "Timothy Danforth, Broker," was reared.

In art Tonsorial, "John the Barber,"  
 Surnamed Louie, here once made harbor.  
 "John-the-Barber" was a tonsor of wit,  
 And sometimes made a most capital hit:  
 For fun of the thing, the boys once stole,  
 From his shop door, John's tri-colored pole.  
 On return, he promised "the bearer should be  
 Lathered for nothing and shaved free!"  
 Nat. Leavitt assayed to shave and cut hair,  
 His fun was as keen, but John's art not there.

Scotian McClinch, in the early days,  
 In "Skinners Row," made women's stays,  
 And the Fisks, down there, did the ladies bless  
 With loads of band-boxes, for bonnet and dress;

While Mother Grater, on the hill home-farm,  
 Made tippets and muffs to keep them warm;  
 And Merriam cut them a coarse or fine comb.  
 Jewetts made baskets and peeled birch-brooms;  
 Most of the matrons worked their own looms;  
 Many a maiden braided the husk-mat,  
 And lots of farmers "whipt-the-cat!"  
 Car's were made by Holmes, White and Snow,  
 And first painted floor-carpets by "Bil-Low."  
 William Melendy first, was a cooper,  
 And early came here from England's shore,  
 From whom have descended our Williams four.  
 Manning and Taylor fulled cloth for a trade.  
 And the best moderator John Secomb made!

But, I pass the trades, and open the door  
 To a few "ancient and honorable," now no more,  
 Men and women in years of four or five score:

Old Father Time, who ne'er tarries to play—  
 With many has dealt in very kind way:  
 Tho mother of "Prophet Jeremiah" saw  
 A hundred and one years pass o'er  
 Before she went to the "shining shore;"  
 And his sister, Lydia, was hale and green  
 When a full century she had seen;  
 And Hannah Lovejoy for twenty months more  
 Life's love, joy and duty, like Hannah bore.  
 Daniel Campbell, the senior, disappears  
 Just as his hundreth birthday nears.  
 A stirring life, true, long, he spent here,  
 Surveying the King's townships, far and near.  
 Every inch of Souhegan West he knew,  
 And on much of it his own wood grew.  
 His wife, who of years saw more than four score,  
 Was a worthy pattern of the women of yore.  
 She spun her own flax, and made her own cloth,  
 Mounted the pillion and carried it forth,  
 Sold it at old Salem, with the proceeds paid  
 The mortgage that on the "Holt swamp" laid.  
 And, then, in "Straddle-pole" neighborhood,  
 Hepsey Hartshorn for more than a century stood,  
 And might yet, perhaps, had not one-eyed Bill  
 Let her slide from the pillion, at foot of the hill:  
 That same "Billy Hartshorn" who came to the Plain  
 Always on horseback, shouldering his cane.  
 I see him now, as on the Lord's day he stood,  
 Front the high pulpit, one eye in a hood!

He, too, lived to be night four score  
 Ere he mounted his pillion and cane no more.  
 John Brown, a Briton, "marching on" went  
 Till nigh a full century he had spent.  
 And Peter Goss lived to be "very old."  
 But, how many years, we have never been told.

Exunt "ye ancient and honorable" all,  
 While a few odd names, and odd mortals we call:

Brooks quietly here their courses have run,  
 Sir Isaac, wife, daughters and son.  
 He was a sterling man, and his ready pen  
 Worked with much grace for his fellow-men.  
 He made, and preserved within his own door,  
 The County Records, twenty years or more—  
 And his house, as north from the village you pass,  
 Was the first here lighted with 8 x 10 glass.

Bells we have had, of a deep, silver tone,  
 Which over the world, their echoes have thrown;  
 On whom, from us gone, high honors have laid,  
 Proving the pure metal of which they were made.

Kings and Princes here have been known,  
 Barrons and Lords to their rest have gone;  
 And among the distinguished ones gone through,  
 Let us "render to Cæsar what to Cæsar is due?"  
 Cæsar (Parker with face as black as coal,  
 But who had a white wife, we hope a white soul.  
 Nor, less honor than due, to Tom Honorable,  
 Who had no honor to honor at all.  
 He had a coal-black face, and blacker heart,  
 And, one night, the "Yankee-boys" made him start,  
 He, and his "hoodlum," for some other part!  
 We must not o'erlook "Patience Stanley," so tidy,  
 "John Wood-pile," "Old Kiff," or one "Man Friday;"  
 That noisy Bill Tuttle, whose talk so vile,  
 Driving his cattle, could be heard a mile;  
 "Miller Putnam," nor his little black pup,  
 That, barking, drove us to the school-house up.  
 The old school-house is gone, its glory o'er,  
 The little black pup will bark no more,  
 And the good miller is passing away,  
 Respected and loved, where rones ne'er stray!

Major Bridges we've had, and Bridges less;  
 Fords, whom we have had to pass;



Fields, with bright lessons all aglow;  
 Hills that have smiled on the meadows below;  
 Woods, of all growth, and Wood-wards varied;  
 Lanes, Downs—Marshes in their own growth buried;  
 Shepards, with big flocks in fields and the fold;  
 Temples, and Halls, with Ushers of old;  
 While Greens, and Purples, and Whites and Brown  
 Have shed their Rays o'er many a Towne.  
 And, with the Cash in hand, and credit complete,  
 We have always had Means our Bills to meet.

Exit oddity!—Early gayety, avaunt!  
 And with the gay ones we'll close up the count:  
 Gay men we've had, and gay women too—  
 Early places more gay were scarce and few.  
 Where are the gay parties that used to go  
 Over to Babboosie, to fish and to row,  
 And to feast on the chowders, so savory, fine,  
 That they and "Pond John" knew how to combine?  
 Where are the fast ones who loved to gad  
 Around Mother Thornton's at first run of shad,  
 And dance till when they had gone she was glad?  
 Or, gay lads, lassie, who, to the ferries  
 Rode, in large parties, to pick whortleberries?  
 Old Death o'er the gay fishers has ferried,  
 And the berry-pickers, picked and buried.  
 Where the school-boys and girls, who to "Great Rock"  
 Oft Saturdays used together to walk,  
 Or, up to the "Castle," or, over where  
 The "Three Sister" maples grew so fair—  
 And, returning, tarried at the "Old Beech Tree,"  
 To carve their names for their children to see?  
 The "Great Rock" remains, tho' much covered o'er,  
 The "Old Beech" has fallen to rise no more.  
 "The Castle," so famous, is now scarce known,  
 The "Three Sisters," spared till middle-life, gone—  
 But, the boys and girls, "O where, tell me where?"  
 For I know not where a half of them are.

Tempus fugit! A hundred years and more gone!  
 Four generations of townsmen passed on!  
 And O, how many men of the place  
 Have passed beyond our power to trace!  
 And with them much we can never replace.  
 For who of this throng can tell me, today,  
 Where "The Vineyard," with its Eschol clusters, lay?  
 Or, site of the rock where the little-drum, snared,  
 The welcome news of Independence declared?

Or, who can tell us of the "Honey Pot,"  
 "Forge Hill," or "Minister's," or "Ministerial lot?"  
 Or of "Folly Brook,"—or, "Cushing's Folly,"  
 Which still in the "old Brick store" you can see?  
 Or, who can now locate the town's first Pound?  
 Tell where on the Plain its first Church was burned?  
 Where the Screw Factory was? or, the Frog Pond,  
 Where many a lad his skating learned?  
 And, few can tell where saltpetre was made,  
 And, none know or care where "Old Kiff" was laid!  
 Who knows surely why to our fair lakelet  
 Its sweet name, "Pappoosic," the red-met set?  
 While the English will ever remain incog.  
 Of "Quo-quin-na-passa-kessa-nan-nag-nog!"

These fragrant memories we might recall,  
 Till the evening's sweet dews around us fall.  
 But, a host unnamed, though cherished as well,  
 We must pass till the next Centennial!  
 And, if there it is given your faces to greet,  
 I pledge that the list shall be made complete!

Pardon the effort, o'er the occasion to shed  
 The fragrant memories of the cherished dead.  
 Thickly as Autumn-leaves, come floating still,  
 Borne on the breezes, from valley and hill,  
 Sweet thoughts of those who have over them trode,  
 And in our six temples have worshipped God.  
 Sleep on, unknowing, and many unknown  
 By those of us even to manhood grown,  
 Except in the deeds of valor and love,  
 As cherished below and recorded above.  
 Your tomb-stones may crumble, but we will keep  
 Your memories fresh till with you we sleep;  
 And oft, as today, your deeds we will tell  
 To our children, and e'er bid them, as well,  
 To cherish in story, and cherish in heart,  
 And oft tell to theirs, the tales we impart.

























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